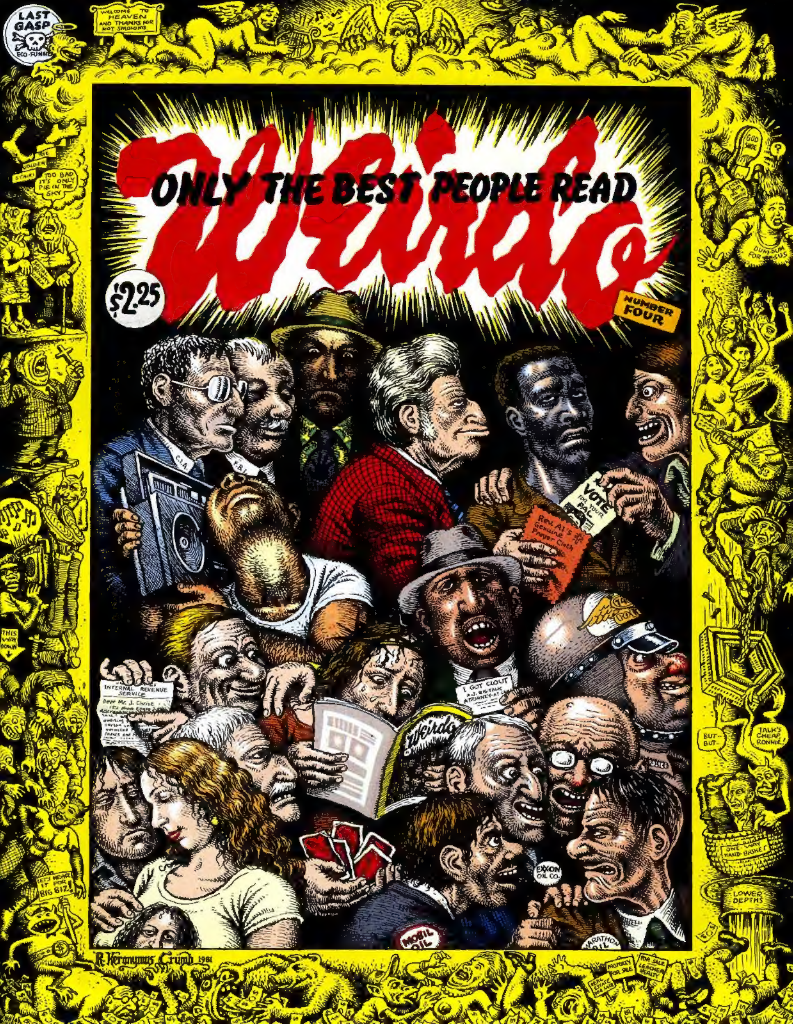
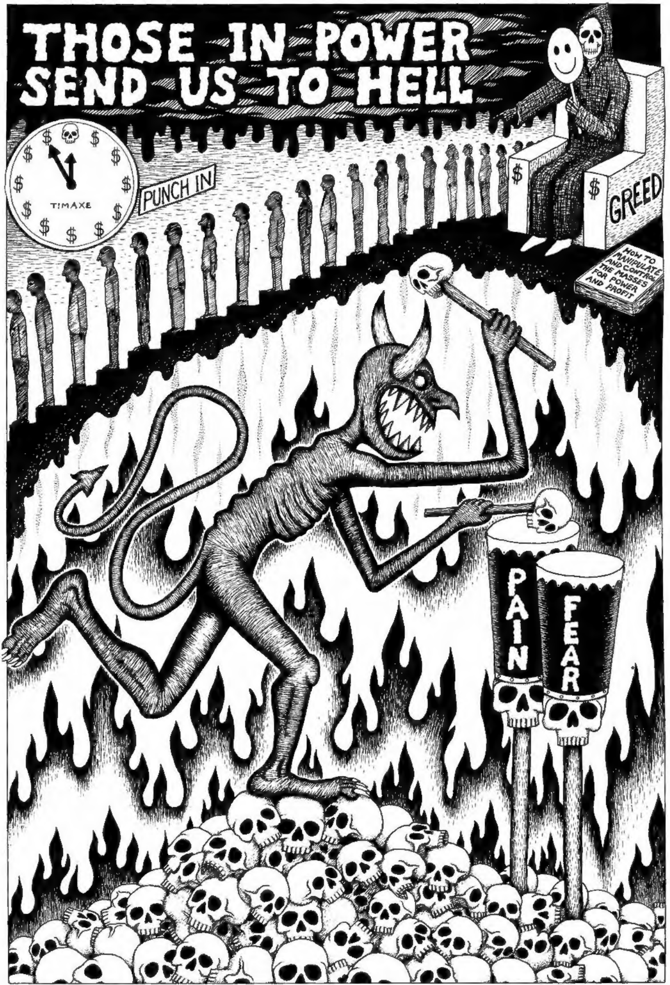
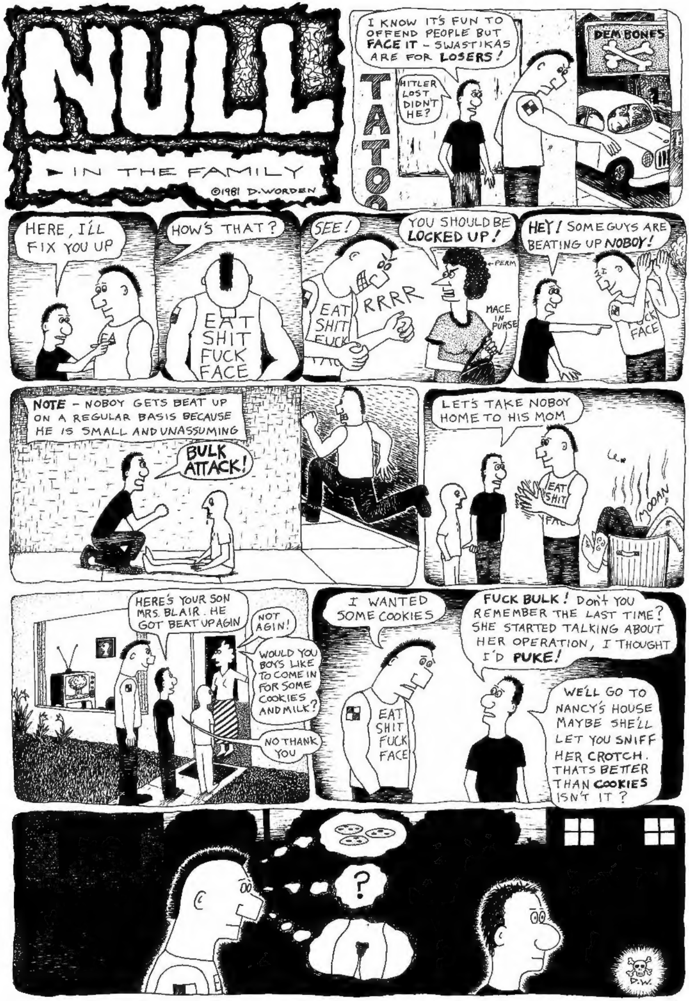

LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
WELCOME TO HEAVEN AND THANKS FOR NOT SMOKING
THE GOLDEN STAIRS
TOO BAD IT'S ONLY PIE IN THE SKY
GOD SHOE
?
DUM DUM FOR JESUS
ONLY THE BEST PEOPLE READ
Weirdo
$2.25
NUMBER FOUR
C.I.A.
F.B.I.
VOTE FOR YOUR PAL
Rev. Al's Genuine Prayer Cloth
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
Dear Mr. J. Christ
I GOT CLOUT
A.J. BIG TALK
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
POLICE
Weirdo
EXXON OIL CO.
MOBIL OIL
MARATHON OIL
THIS WAY DOWN
LET'S HEAR IT FOR BIG BIZ!
BUT- BUT-
TALK'S CHEAP RONNIE!
ONE-WAY HAND-BASKET
LOWER DEPTHS
REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
PROPERTY FOR SALE
FOR SALE LEACHER REALTY
R. Hieronymus Crumb 1981


THOSE IN POWER
SEND US TO HELL
TIMAXE
PUNCH IN
GREED
HOW TO MANIPULATE AND CONTROL THE MASSES FOR POWER AND PROFIT
PAIN
FEAR

2nd Printing 10,000

©1981 D. WORDEN


NULL
IN THE FAMILY
©1981 D. WORDEN
I KNOW IT'S FUN TO OFFEND PEOPLE BUT **FACE IT** - SWASTIKAS ARE FOR **LOSERS**!
HITLER LOST DIDN'T HE?
TATO
DEM BONES
HERE, I'LL FIX YOU UP
EA
HOW'S THAT?
EAT SHIT FUCK FACE
SEE!
EAT SHIT FUCK
RRRR
YOU SHOULD BE **LOCKED UP**!
PERM
MACE IN PURSE
HEY! SOME GUYS ARE BEATING UP **NOBOY**!
FUCK FACE
NOTE - NOBOY GETS BEAT UP ON A REGULAR BASIS BECAUSE HE IS SMALL AND UNASSUMING
BULK ATTACK!
LET'S TAKE NOBOY HOME TO HIS MOM
EAT SHIT FAC
MOOAN
HERE'S YOUR SON MRS. BLAIR. HE GOT BEAT UP AGIN
NOT AGIN!
WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO COME IN FOR SOME COOKIES AND MILK?
NO THANK YOU
I WANTED SOME COOKIES
FUCK BULK! Don't YOU REMEMBER THE LAST TIME? SHE STARTED TALKING ABOUT HER OPERATION, I THOUGHT I'D **PUKE**!
EAT SHIT FUCK FACE
WE'LL GO TO NANCY'S HOUSE MAYBE SHE'LL LET YOU **SNIFF** HER **CROTCH**. THATS BETTER THAN **COOKIES** ISN'T IT?
?
D.W.

♡ WEIRDO'S ♡ Advice to the Lovelorn

BY PROF. T.E. ZWIGOFF
— B.A. PSYCHOLOGY —

PERSONAL ADVISOR T.E. ZWIGOFF HAS BEEN HELPING PEOPLE SOLVE THEIR INTIMATE PROBLEMS FOR MANY YEARS. NOW EXCLUSIVELY WITH WEIRDO, HIS TIMELY ADVICE GAINS A NEW DIMENSION.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF:

YOU ARE THE ONLY INDIVIDUAL TO WHOM I CAN TURN AT THIS POINT IN TIME. I HOPE THIS LETTER REACHES YOU BEFORE THEY GET ME. BUT WHO KNOWS? THEY'RE ALWAYS INTERCEPTING MY MAIL. EVER SINCE THE BUREAU ASSIGNED ME TO POSE AS A DISABILITY RECIPIENT I'VE HAD TROUBLE, BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

THE POINT IS THAT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME; NOT THE STAR OR THE ENQUIRER OR EVEN MIDNIGHT, BUT I HAVE PROOF THAT BARRY MANILOW IS THE ANTICHRIST. I'LL ENCLOSE MY DOCUMENTATION LATER DISGUISED AS CAROL WRIGHT COUPONS: I'VE FOUND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THINGS FROM BEING INTERCEPTED. DOCUMENTATION INCLUDES RELEVANT PASSAGES FROM EDGAR CAYCE, NOSTRADAMUS AND THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. THIS LATTER IS ESPECIALLY PERTINENT BECAUSE OF THE UNDENIABLE CORRELATION BETWEEN MANILOW'S POLISH ANCESTRY AND THE AMAZING SIMILARITY OF SCROLLS FOUND IN THE PLAINS OUTSIDE CRAKOW TO TIBETAN MANUSCRIPTS.

CAN YOU HELP ME CONVINCE THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, THE MEDIA AND THE PUBLIC OF THE MENACE THIS MAN POSES TO THE FREE WORLD? ALSO, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET MY PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED? MY OLD PHARMACY HAS IT IN FOR ME.

— JUAN BAPTISTE

DEAR JUAN — AS A HOLDER OF A B.A. DEGREE IN PSYCHOLOGY I REGRET THAT I AM AT THIS TIME PROHIBITED BY LAW FROM DISPENSING PHARMACEUTICALS.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF:

PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY NATIONWIDE CAMPAIGN IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERENCE. EACH YEAR FOR THE PAST FOURTEEN I HAVE MADE A TOUR OF SOUTHERN CALIF., ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS, AND HAVE DELIVERED A SERIES OF LECTURES ON THE EVILS OF DRINKING. ON THIS TOUR I HAVE BEEN ACCOMPANIED BY MY YOUNG FRIEND AND ASSISTANT CLYDE LINDSTROME. CLYDE, A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY AND EXCELLENT BACKGROUND, IS A PATHETIC EXAMPLE OF A LIFE RUINED BY EXCESSIVE INDULGENCE IN WHISKEY AND WOMEN.

CLYDE WOULD APPEAR WITH ME AT THE LECTURES AND SIT ON THE PLATFORM, WHEEZING AND STARING AT THE AUDIENCE THROUGH BLEARY, BLOODSHOT EYES, SWEATING PROFUSELY, PICKING HIS NOSE, PASSING GAS, AND MAKING OBSCENE GESTURES, WHILE I WOULD POINT HIM OUT AS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT OVERINDULGENCE CAN DO TO A PERSON.

LAST FALL, UNFORTUNATELY, CLYDE DIED. A MUTUAL FRIEND HAS GIVEN ME YOUR NAME AND I WONDER IF YOU WOULD BE AVAILABLE TO TAKE CLYDE'S PLACE ON MY 1982 SPRING TOUR?

—YOURS IN FAITH,
REV. WALDO T. TUPPER
THE RESCUE MISSION
COMPTON, CALIF.

JUDGING FROM THE PROJECTED SALES CURVE I SAW YESTERDAY IN WEIRDO'S MAIN OFFICE, I MAY POSSIBLY HAVE SOME FREE TIME THIS COMING SPRING. PLEASE CONTACT ME THEN WITH DETAILS.

DEAR PROF. ZWIGOFF:

PEOPLE ALWAYS THINK WE CELEBRITIES LIVE A LIFE OF EASE, SITTING AROUND ALL DAY DOING COKE AND KINKY SEX, BUT I TELL YOU, I HAVE A PROBLEM. DAY AFTER DAY I GET THESE PHONE CALLS — TALK ABOUT WEIRD! AND LETTERS FROM SOME PERVERT WHO CALLS ME THE "WHORE OF BABYLON." WORST OF ALL THE LETTERS ARRIVE POSTAGE DUE AND IT DOESN'T GROW ON TREES YOU KNOW. I'VE HIRED BODYGUARDS BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE I CAN DO. ANY IDEAS? THERE'S AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF MY LATEST ALBUM FOR YOU AT HALF-PRICE IF YOU COME UP WITH A GOOD SUGGESTION.

— BARRY MANILOW

PROF. ZWIGOFF DOES NOT ANSWER POSTAGE DUE LETTERS.

ADDRESS ALL LOVELORN LETTERS TO:
PROF. T. E. ZWIGOFF
290 MULLEN AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 94110

Number 4 "WEIRD JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING WEIRD." Winter, 1981-'82

I still can't figure out what you people want out there... You might think your letters don't affect me, that I'm not sensitive to your criticisms, your put-downs, etc... Well, you'd be surprised how easily crushed I am. I have such a need to be loved... I might try to appear blasé, but believe me, inside is a quivering, frightened little boy... so please.... please... Love my magazine... love everything I do! I can't stand it when every little thing I put out isn't recieved with total adulation. With that in mind, let's take a look at the letters... ulp...

—R. Crumb, Jan., 1982

Dear Bob:

Gosh, I don't know... Weirdo #3... Maybe I just don't understand. I mean, the border around the cover is great, but the actual cover illo is rotten. The Max Crumb "art" did nothing for me, but the Gene Deitch stuff was really swell. I hate those crummy (no pun Intended!) photo things, but your Boswell piece was truly great. Eugene Teal—now that guy's got talent! Unlike the other "guest" artists this ish (sorry guys, just being brutal.)

—Dale Lee Coovert
Trotwood, Ohio

Dear R. Crumb:

It seems to me that the only thing wrong with WEIRDO is the name. There's nothing weird about the magazine. In fact, it's pretty tame. More than that... refined, sedate, subtle, downright ordinary. "Nothing special", you could say. If America ever wanted the assurance that it had nothing to fear from underground comics (if that's what they still call them) then WEIRDO is that assurance.

Still, I suppose if you changed the name to something more appropriate, say, PLEASANT STORIES, or REASSURING HUMOR QUARTERLY, you might get somebody complaining that it had corrupted her grand mother or something.

Or perhaps America is a society of such extremes that the only direction for a modern misfit in the U.S.A. is a moderate one? Perhaps WEIRDO is right on the ball and its discreet, unassuming mild-mannered discourse is, in relation to the culture which surrounds it, a searing indictment of everything it finds there....

The best of your recent work seems to be heading more toward the condition of a novel rather than a parody crud comics magazine. Perhaps this is why the guts of WEIRDO seem so bland (unless they somehow got mixed up with the guts of another magazine en route between the printers and the distributors)?

—Steve Edgell
London, U.K.

Well, uh... I... uh... yeah, I uh... hm.... —ED.

Dear R. Crumb:

...... As for the photo-funnies, Crumb, I dunno... I find myself imbroiled in numerous arguments about your sanity because of such stuff and, with the exception of the gals-and-vacuums in the first issue, I don't much like it myself.

—Joel Weinstein
Portland, Oregon

Dear Bob:

Just wanted to tell you that, with issue #3, WEIRDO has finally managed to justify itself. The long piece on Boswell is the best combination of art and writing you've done in years. My enjoyment of the atomic war cartoons was marred by the feeling I'd seen one idea in a Ron Cobb cartoon a long time ago. *(RIGHT YOU ARE, MY MAN! IS MY FACE RED! —ED.)* Even the new unknown artists were an improvement over the first two issues—I enjoyed them all except for your (?) brother (?) who should be put away somewhere and forgotten (I'm not kidding, Bob)... The artwork (?) of your (?) relative was even worse than those God-damned "Photo-Funnies" you insist on running....

In short, your "Hopeless issue" gives me great hope for a Crumb Renaissance.

—Larry Windham
Tucson, Arizona

...Every issue of WEIRDO shows improvement, and I only hope it can keep going....

The "Klassic Komic" I liked very much... While Boswell was the oldest son of Lord Auchinleck—an earl I think—he was never a "Sir" James Boswell; he was only a "Mister" (at this stage of life at least— I don't remember if he outlived his father and became a lord).

—Alfred Bergdoll
New York, New York

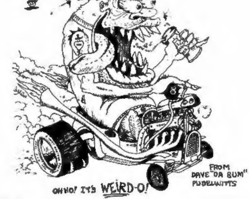
"Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl, Duke, Duke—" —ED.

Dear Bob, Rob, R. or Mr. Crumb:

....I was meditating on your title WEIRDO when it occurred to me just where I first heard that word. I guess it was back in 1964 or so when I first saw a weirdo! The strange creation of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, I believe. Do you remember how god-awful weerd those weird-os were? I do, so I drew you one. Hang it up in good health. You ought to try to get a hold of some of Roth's "Rat-Fink" and "Weirdo" stuff....

—David T. Pudelwitts
Provincetown, Massechusetts

Good idea! I'll look into it! —ED.


OHNO! IT'S WEIRD-O!
FROM DAVE "DA BUM" PUDELWITTS

Dear R.;

God! I wasn't expecting to see a new WEIRDO so soon. Great, magnificent! Cool! Hep! Boss! Monkey! I always enjoy seeing your work and say prayers for the health of your drawing hand. Especially though, I'm so glad WEIRDO covers those artists off the beaten path; Illuminated souls like Eugene Teal, whose work I otherwise would have never glimpsed were it not for your sterling publication.

—Gary Panter
Los Angeles, California

Robert:

...You know some beautiful lookin' women! Do you get to fuck 'em all? *(DON'T I WISH! —ED.)* Could you get to do another photo strip with Hillary (W#2)? Those legs are somethin' else. The muscle tone is perfect."

—Richard Boyle
Sandiacre, Nottingham, U.K.

Dear Crumb Your a Bum

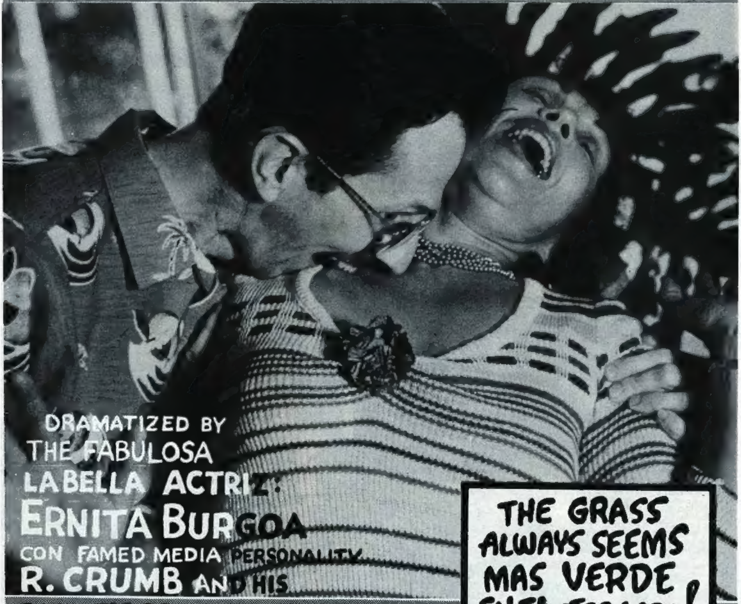
Address all Letters of comment to: R. CRUMB
P.O. Box 533, Winters, California 95694

WEIRDO Number 4, Winter 1981-82 is published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, California 94704. For additional copies or back issues, send $2.75 each to publisher. Printed in U.S.A. I.S.B.N. 0-86719-135-X. FIRST PRINTING, FEBRUARY 1982 ©1982 by R. Crumb

Weirdo PRESENTS A SPECIAL PHOTO NOVELLA

ALL ABOUT LOVE AND MUERTE, NATURALLY!

THE UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND AND LA MALÍSIMA TENTADORA!

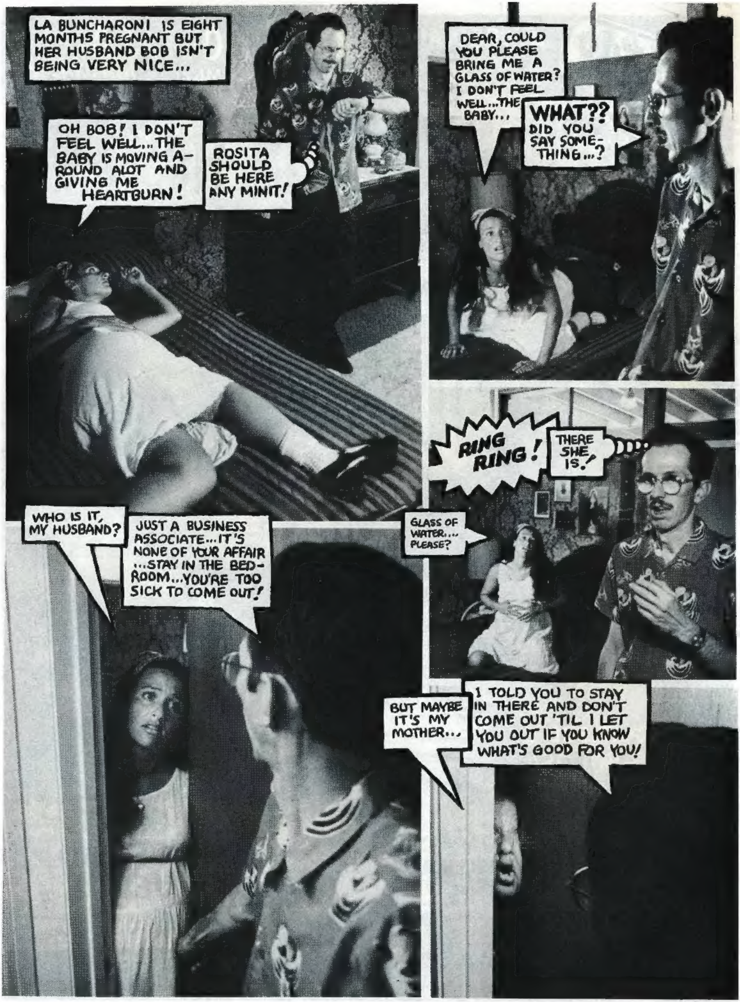


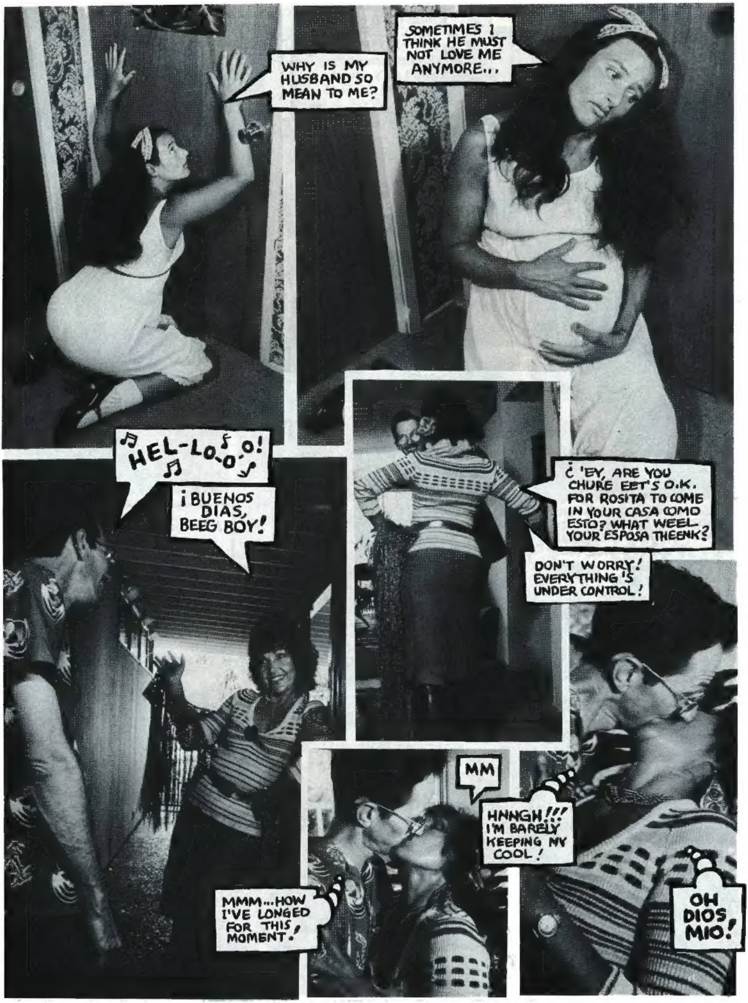
DRAMATIZED BY
THE FABULOSA
LA BELLA ACTRIZ:
ERNITA BURGOA
CON FAMED MEDIA PERSONALITY
R. CRUMB AND HIS
PATHETIC PREGNANT WIFE
ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB

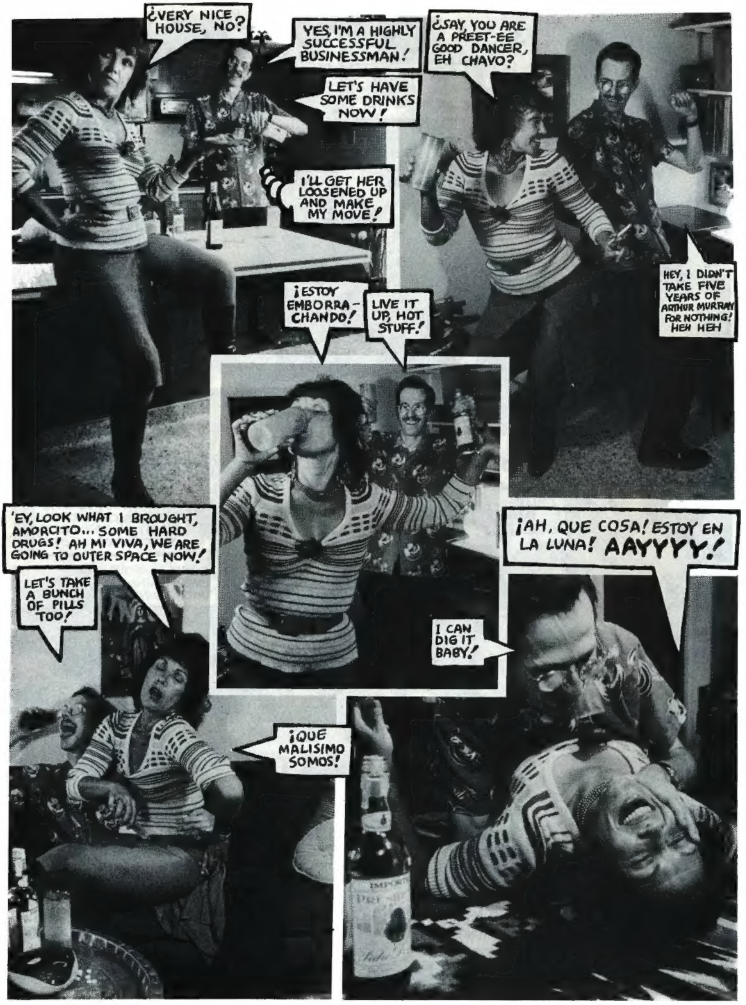
THE GRASS ALWAYS SEEMS MAS VERDE EN EL OTRO LADO!

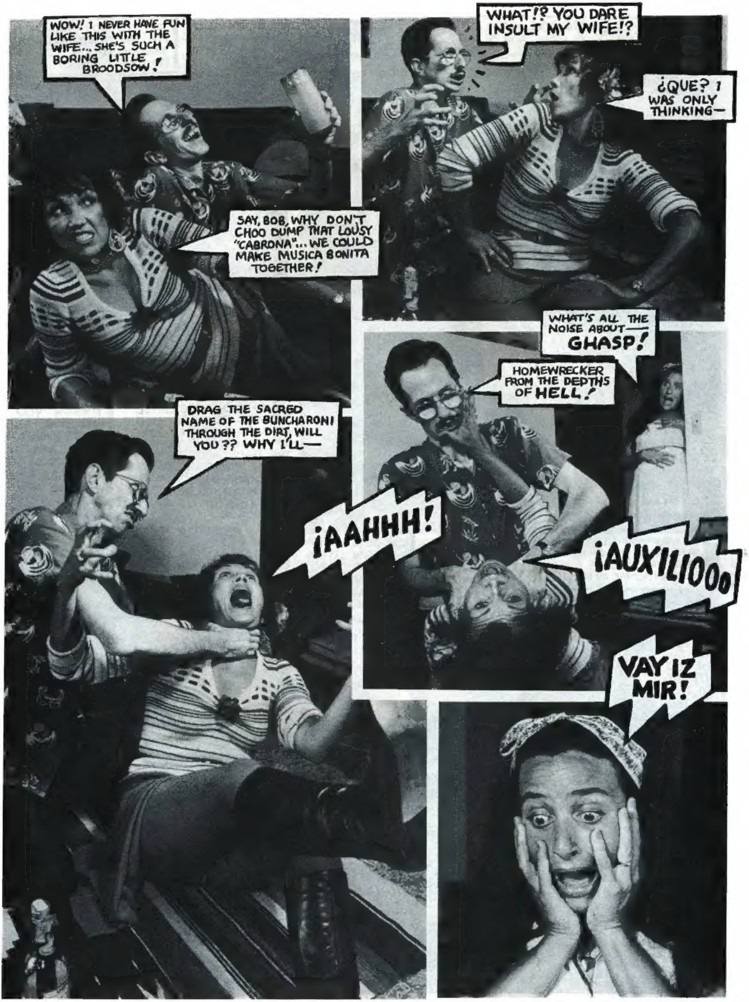
PHOTOS BY "STOMP"

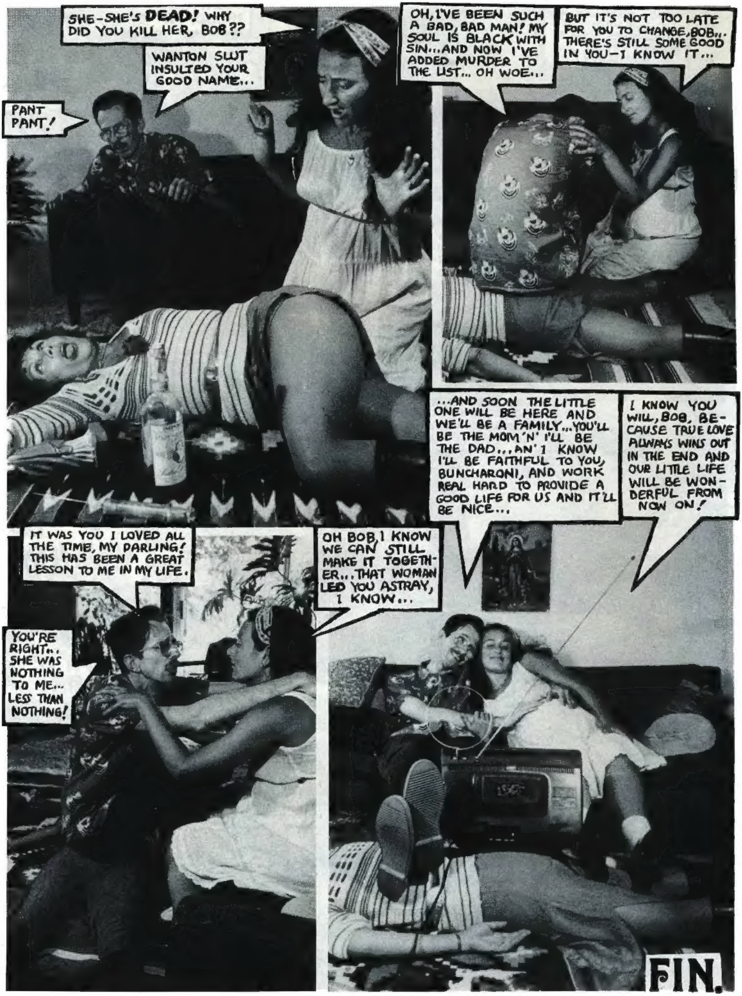
STORY IDEA BY ALINE "ANYTHING-FOR-A-LAFF" CRUMB
DIALOGUE & LAYOUT BY R. CRUMB & ERNA BURGOA


LA BUNCHARONI IS EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT BUT HER HUSBAND BOB ISN'T BEING VERY NICE...
OH BOB! I DON'T FEEL WELL... THE BABY IS MOVING AROUND ALOT AND GIVING ME HEARTBURN!
ROSITA SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINIT!
DEAR, COULD YOU PLEASE BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER? I DON'T FEEL WELL... THE BABY...
WHAT?? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING...?
RING RING!
THERE SHE IS!
GLASS OF WATER... PLEASE?
WHO IS IT, MY HUSBAND?
JUST A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE... IT'S NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR ...STAY IN THE BEDROOM... YOU'RE TOO SICK TO COME OUT!
BUT MAYBE IT'S MY MOTHER...
I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN THERE AND DON'T COME OUT 'TIL I LET YOU OUT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!


WHY IS MY HUSBAND SO MEAN TO ME?
SOMETIMES I THINK HE MUST NOT LOVE ME ANYMORE...
♫ HEL-LO-O-O! ♫
¡BUENOS DIAS, BEEG BOY!
¿ 'EY, ARE YOU CHURE EET'S O.K. FOR ROSITA TO COME IN YOUR CASA COMO ESTO? WHAT WEEL YOUR ESPOSA THEENK?
DON'T WORRY! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!
MM
HNNGH!!! I'M BARELY KEEPING MY COOL!
MMM...HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THIS MOMENT!
OH DIOS MIO!

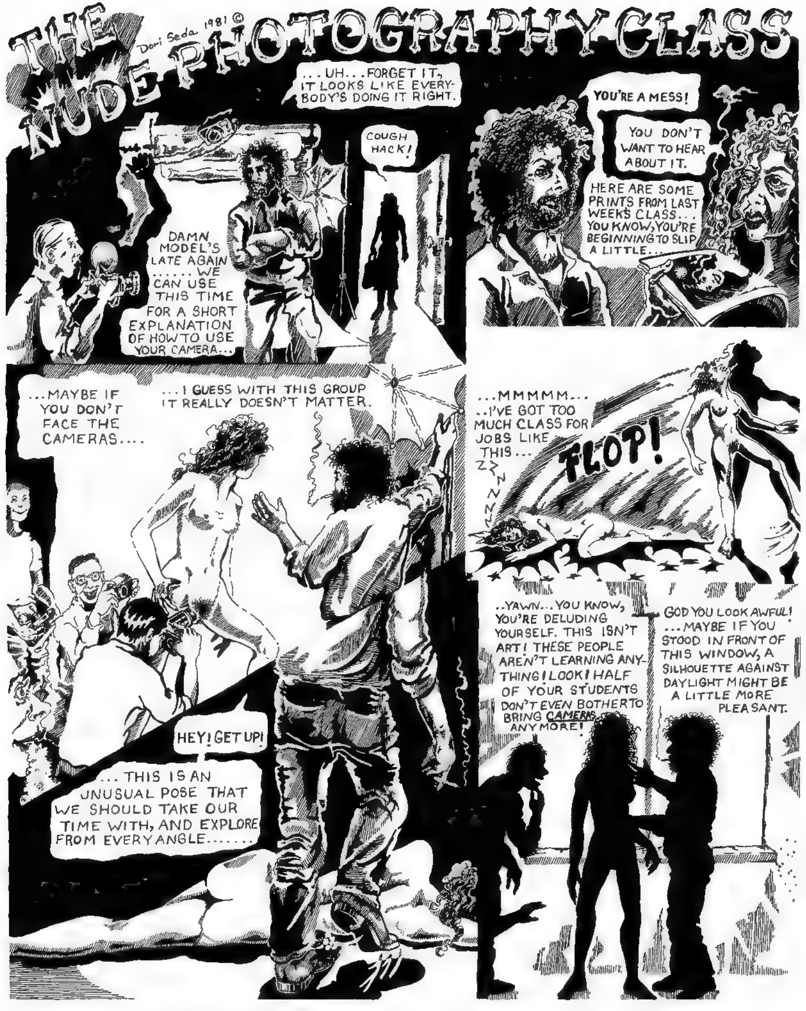

¿VERY NICE HOUSE, NO?
YES, I'M A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN!
LET'S HAVE SOME DRINKS NOW!
I'LL GET HER LOOSENED UP AND MAKE MY MOVE!
¿SAY, YOU ARE A PREET-EE GOOD DANCER, EH CHAVO?
HEY, I DIDN'T TAKE FIVE YEARS OF ARTHUR MURRAY FOR NOTHING! HEH HEH
¡ESTOY EMBORRACHANDO!
LIVE IT UP, HOT STUFF!
'EY, LOOK WHAT I BROUGHT, AMORCITO... SOME HARD DRUGS! AH MI VIVA, WE ARE GOING TO OUTER SPACE NOW!
LET'S TAKE A BUNCH OF PILLS TOO!
¡QUE MALISIMO SOMOS!
¡AH, QUE COSA! ESTOY EN LA LUNA! AAYYYY!
I CAN DIG IT BABY!

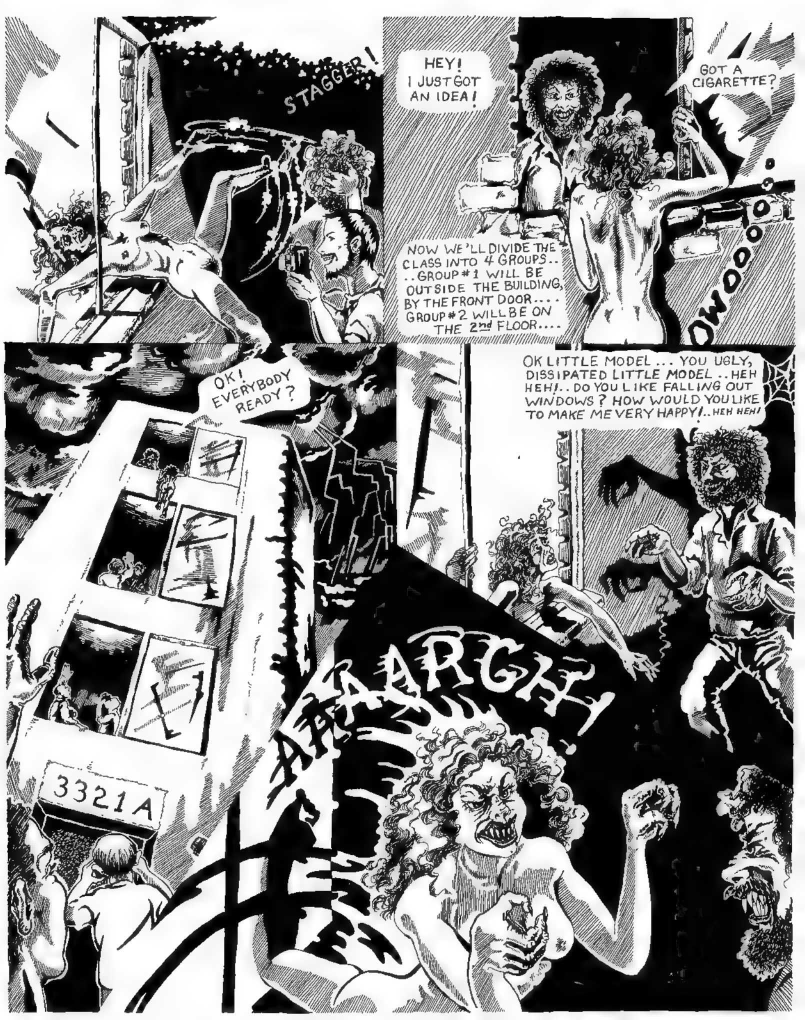

WOW! I NEVER HAVE FUN LIKE THIS WITH THE WIFE... SHE'S SUCH A BORING LITTLE BROODSOW!
SAY, BOB, WHY DON'T CHOO DUMP THAT LOUSY "CABRONA"... WE COULD MAKE MUSICA BONITA TOGETHER!
WHAT!? YOU DARE INSULT MY WIFE!?
¿QUE? I WAS ONLY THINKING—
DRAG THE SACRED NAME OF THE BUNCHARONI THROUGH THE DIRT, WILL YOU?? WHY I'LL—
¡AAHHH!
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT— GHASP!
HOMEWRECKER FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL!
¡AUXILIOOO
VAY IZ MIR!

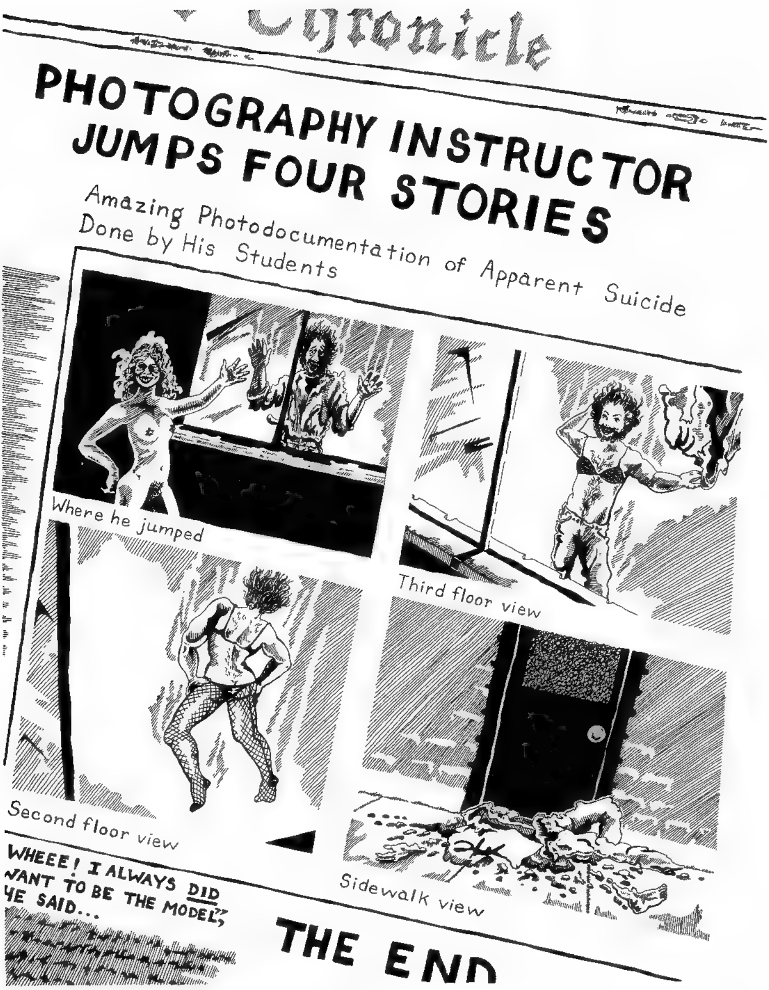

SHE-SHE'S DEAD! WHY DID YOU KILL HER, BOB??
WANTON SLUT INSULTED YOUR GOOD NAME...
PANT PANT!
OH, I'VE BEEN SUCH A BAD, BAD MAN! MY SOUL IS BLACK WITH SIN...AND NOW I'VE ADDED MURDER TO THE LIST... OH WOE...
BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO CHANGE, BOB... THERE'S STILL SOME GOOD IN YOU—I KNOW IT...
IT WAS YOU I LOVED ALL THE TIME, MY DARLING! THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT LESSON TO ME IN MY LIFE.
YOU'RE RIGHT... SHE WAS NOTHING TO ME... LESS THAN NOTHING!
OH BOB, I KNOW WE CAN STILL MAKE IT TOGETHER... THAT WOMAN LED YOU ASTRAY, I KNOW...
...AND SOON THE LITTLE ONE WILL BE HERE AND WE'LL BE A FAMILY...YOU'LL BE THE MOM 'N' I'LL BE THE DAD...AN' I KNOW I'LL BE FAITHFUL TO YOU, BUNCHARONI, AND WORK REAL HARD TO PROVIDE A GOOD LIFE FOR US AND IT'LL BE NICE...
I KNOW YOU WILL, BOB, BECAUSE TRUE LOVE ALWAYS WINS OUT IN THE END AND OUR LITTLE LIFE WILL BE WONDERFUL FROM NOW ON!
FIN.

THE NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY CLASS

Dori Seda 1981 ©

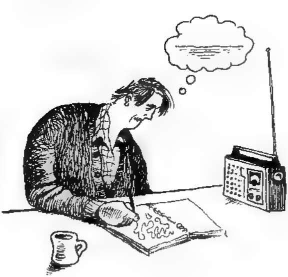

DAMN MODEL'S LATE AGAIN .... WE CAN USE THIS TIME FOR A SHORT EXPLANATION OF HOW TO USE YOUR CAMERA...
COUGH HACK!
...UH...FORGET IT, IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY'S DOING IT RIGHT.
YOU'RE A MESS!
YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT.
HERE ARE SOME PRINTS FROM LAST WEEK'S CLASS... YOU KNOW, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SLIP A LITTLE...
...MAYBE IF YOU DON'T FACE THE CAMERAS....
...I GUESS WITH THIS GROUP IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.
...MMMMM... ..I'VE GOT TOO MUCH CLASS FOR JOBS LIKE THIS...
FLOP!
ZZNNNNN
HEY! GET UP!
...THIS IS AN UNUSUAL POSE THAT WE SHOULD TAKE OUR TIME WITH, AND EXPLORE FROM EVERY ANGLE.......
..YAWN... YOU KNOW, YOU'RE DELUDING YOURSELF. THIS ISN'T ART! THESE PEOPLE AREN'T LEARNING ANYTHING! LOOK! HALF OF YOUR STUDENTS DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO BRING CAMERAS ANYMORE!
GOD YOU LOOK AWFUL! ...MAYBE IF YOU STOOD IN FRONT OF THIS WINDOW, A SILHOUETTE AGAINST DAYLIGHT MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE PLEASANT.

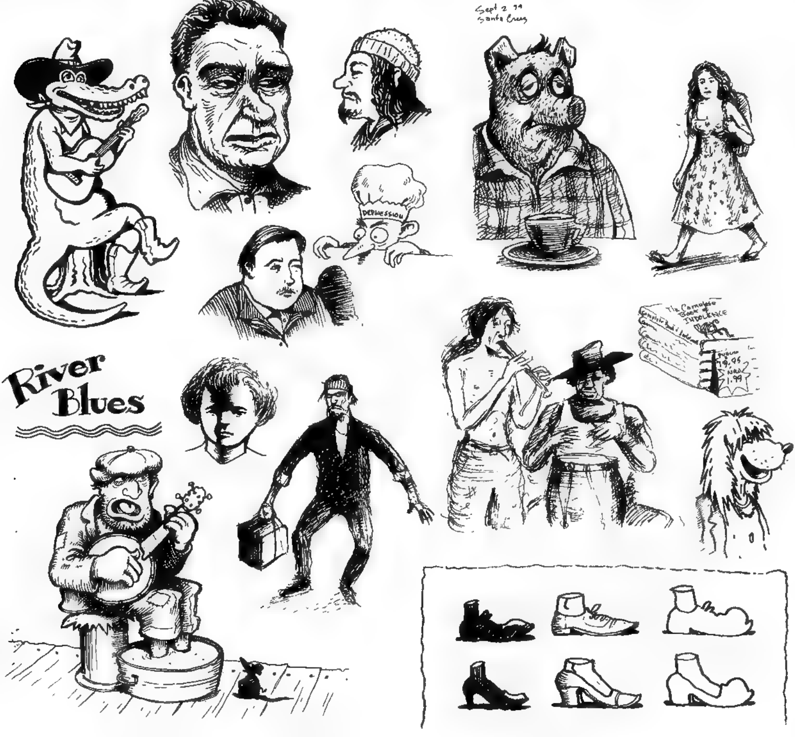

STAGGER!
HEY! I JUST GOT AN IDEA!
GOT A CIGARETTE?
NOW WE'LL DIVIDE THE CLASS INTO 4 GROUPS.. ..GROUP #1 WILL BE OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, BY THE FRONT DOOR.... GROUP #2 WILL BE ON THE 2nd FLOOR....
DOWDOOOOO
OK! EVERYBODY READY?
3321A
OK LITTLE MODEL ... YOU UGLY, DISSIPATED LITTLE MODEL ..HEH HEH!.. DO YOU LIKE FALLING OUT WINDOWS? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE ME VERY HAPPY!..HEH HEH!
AAARGH!

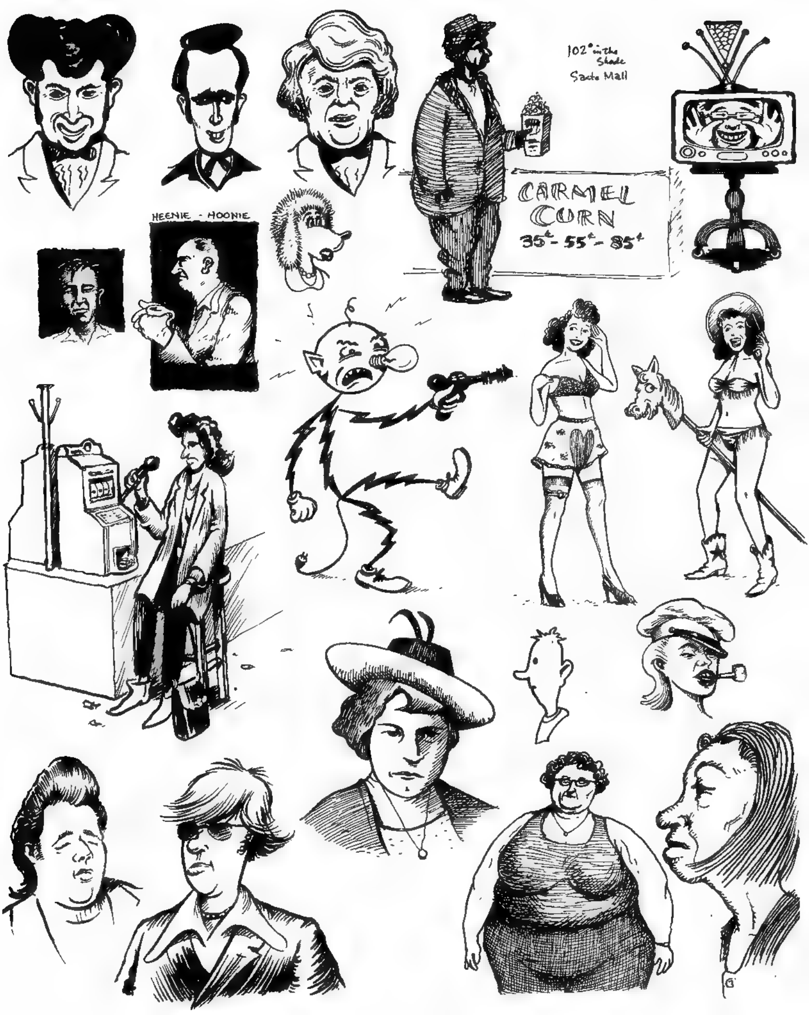

Chronicle
PHOTOGRAPHY INSTRUCTOR JUMPS FOUR STORIES
Amazing Photodocumentation of Apparent Suicide Done by His Students
Where he jumped
Third floor view
Second floor view
Sidewalk view
"WHEEE! I ALWAYS DID WANT TO BE THE MODEL," HE SAID...
THE END

Excerpts from the SKETCHBOOKS OF ROBERT ARMSTRONG

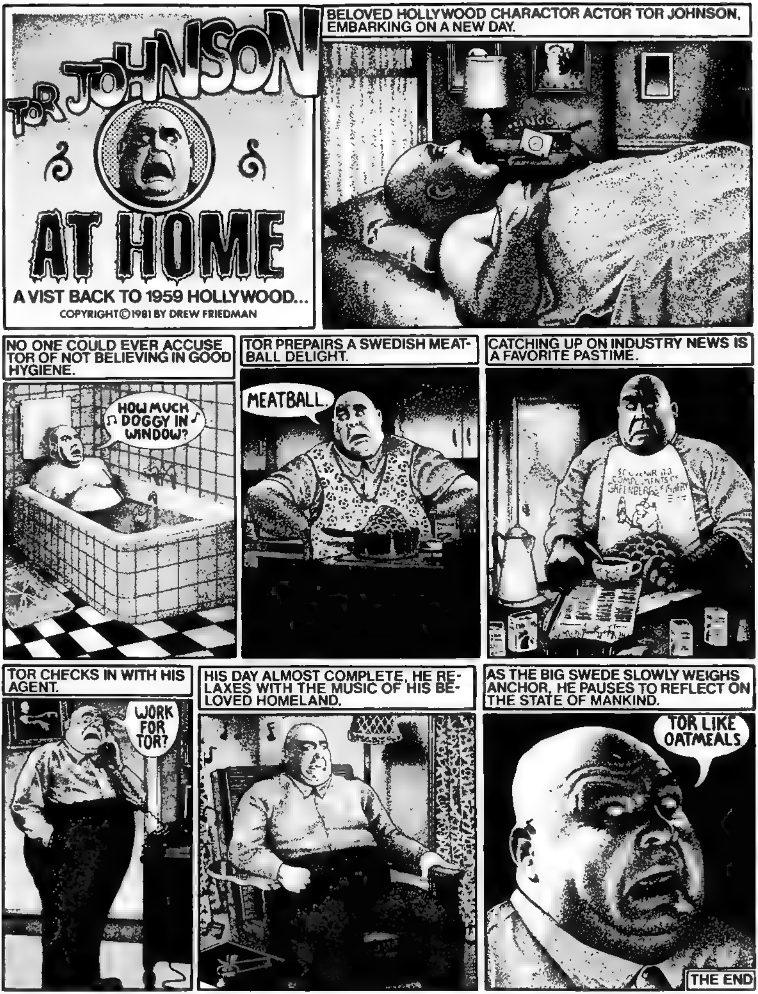
©1982 Robert Armstrong




Sept 2 '79
Santa Cruz
DEPRESSION
River Blues
The Complete Book of INDOLENCE
Complete Book of Indolence
$19.95
NOW 1.99


102° in the Shade
Sacto Mall
CARMEL CORN
35¢ - 55¢ - 85¢
HEENIE - HOONIE

TOR JOHNSON AT HOME



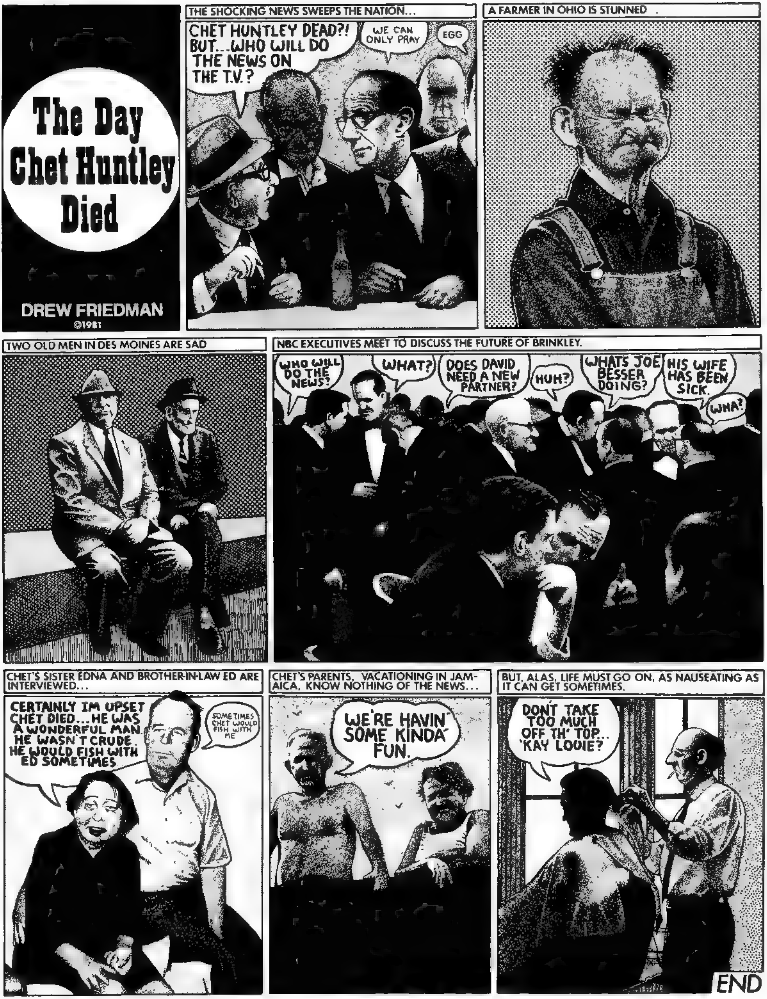
A VIST BACK TO 1959 HOLLYWOOD...
BELOVED HOLLYWOOD CHARACTOR ACTOR TOR JOHNSON, EMBARKING ON A NEW DAY.
NO ONE COULD EVER ACCUSE TOR OF NOT BELIEVING IN GOOD HYGIENE.
HOW MUCH DOGGY IN WINDOW?
TOR PREPAIRS A SWEDISH MEATBALL DELIGHT.
MEATBALL.
CATCHING UP ON INDUSTRY NEWS IS A FAVORITE PASTIME.
SOUVENIR AND COMPLIMENTS OF GREENBERG FISHERY
TOR CHECKS IN WITH HIS AGENT.
WORK FOR TOR?
HIS DAY ALMOST COMPLETE, HE RELAXES WITH THE MUSIC OF HIS BELOVED HOMELAND.
AS THE BIG SWEDE SLOWLY WEIGHS ANCHOR, HE PAUSES TO REFLECT ON THE STATE OF MANKIND.
TOR LIKE OATMEALS
THE END

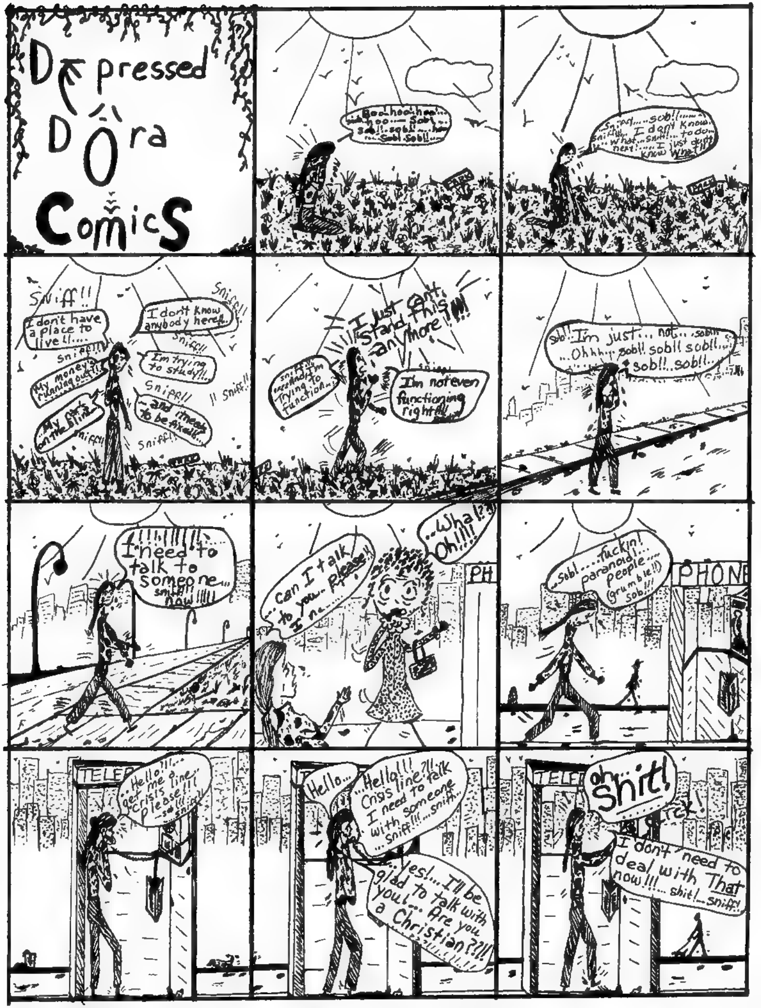
COPYRIGHT © 1981 BY DREW FRIEDMAN

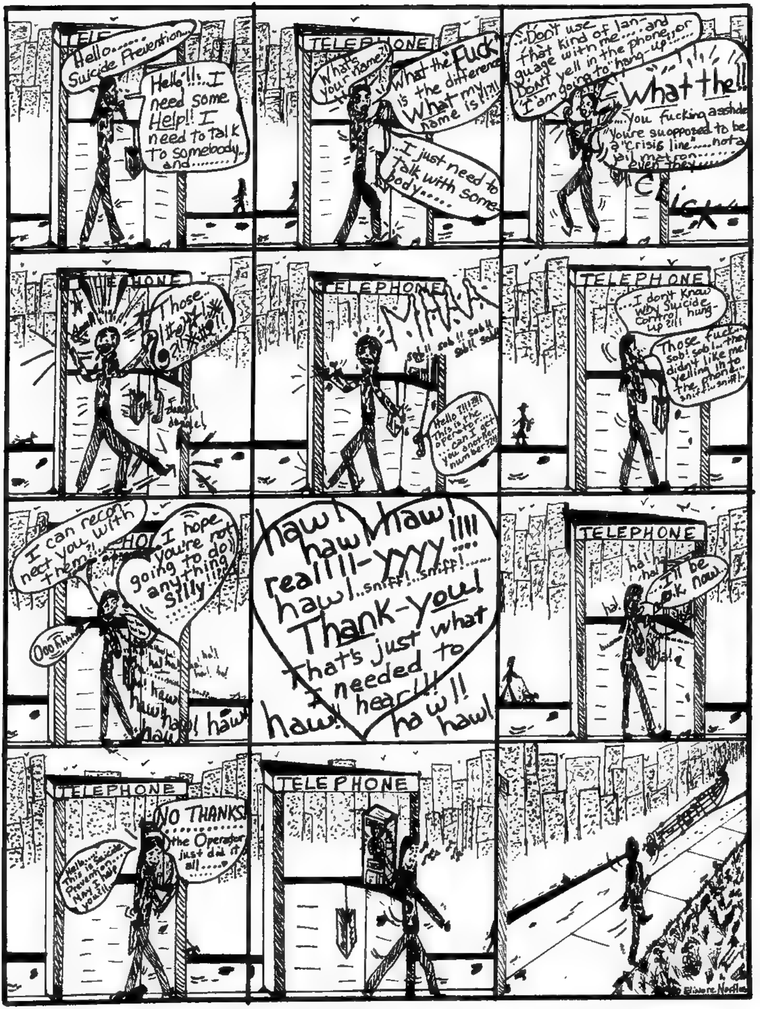
The Day Chet Huntley Died

DREW FRIEDMAN

©1981

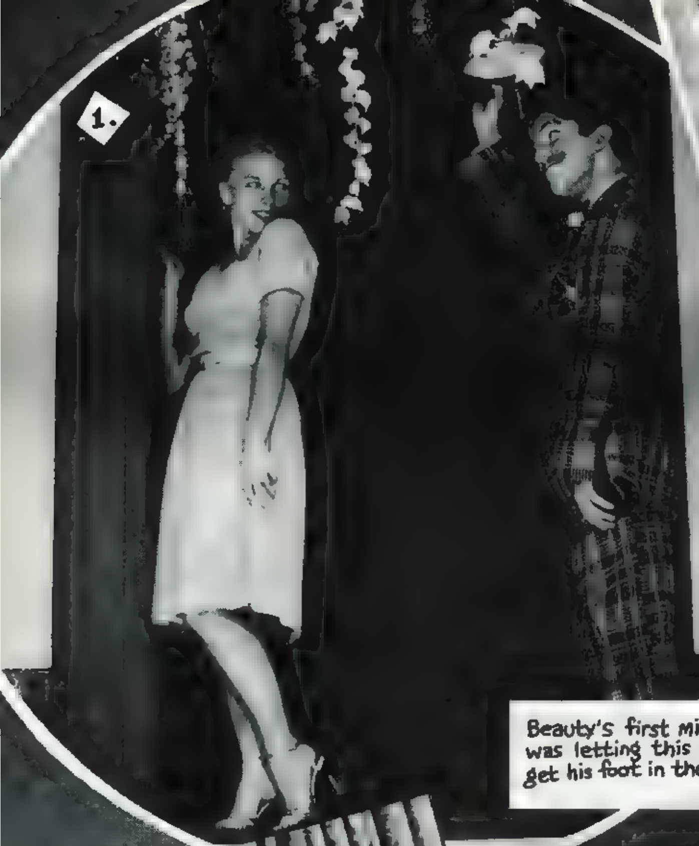

THE SHOCKING NEWS SWEEPS THE NATION...
CHET HUNTLEY DEAD?! BUT...WHO WILL DO THE NEWS ON THE T.V.?
WE CAN ONLY PRAY
EGG
A FARMER IN OHIO IS STUNNED .
TWO OLD MEN IN DES MOINES ARE SAD
NBC EXECUTIVES MEET TO DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF BRINKLEY.
WHO WILL DO THE NEWS?
WHAT?
DOES DAVID NEED A NEW PARTNER?
HUH?
WHATS JOE BESSER DOING?
HIS WIFE HAS BEEN SICK.
WHA?
CHET'S SISTER EDNA AND BROTHER-IN-LAW ED ARE INTERVIEWED...
CERTAINLY IM UPSET CHET DIED...HE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN. HE WASN'T CRUDE. HE WOULD FISH WITH ED SOMETIMES.
SOMETIMES CHET WOULD FISH WITH ME
CHET'S PARENTS, VACATIONING IN JAMAICA, KNOW NOTHING OF THE NEWS...
WE'RE HAVIN' SOME KINDA' FUN.
BUT, ALAS, LIFE MUST GO ON, AS NAUSEATING AS IT CAN GET SOMETIMES.
DON'T TAKE TOO MUCH OFF TH' TOP... 'KAY LOUIE?
END

Depressed Dora Comics
...Boo-hoo-hoo!... hoo... Sob!... sob!!..sob!!... hoo... Sob! Sob!!...
...Sniff... sob!!... Sniffle... I don't know... what... sniff!... to do... next!... I just don't know What!!!
Sniff!!
I don't have a place to live!!....
I don't know anybody here!!...
Sniff!!
Sniff!!
My money's running out!!!
I'm trying to study!!!...
Sniff!!
My car's on the blink...
...and it needs to be fixed!!...
!! Sniff!!
Sniff!!
Sniff!!
Sniff!!
I just can't stand this anymore!!!!
sniff!!... and I'm trying to function...
I'm not even functioning right!!!
Sob!! I'm just... not... sob!! ...Ohhh... sob!! sob!! sob!!... sob!!..sob!!...
!!!!!!!!!... I need to talk to someone... sniff!! now!!!!!
Can I talk to you... please!... I ne...
...Wha!?!! Oh!!!
PH
...Sob!... fuckin!... paranoid!... people... (grumble!!) Sob!!!
PHONE
TELE
...Hello?!!... get me a crisis line... Please!!!... sob!!... sniff...
Hello...
...Hello!!! Crisis line?!! I need to talk with someone... sniff!!!... sniff...
...Yes!... I'll be glad to talk with you!... Are you a Christian?!!!
TELE
oh... shit!
...I don't need to deal with That now!!!!... shit!... sniff!

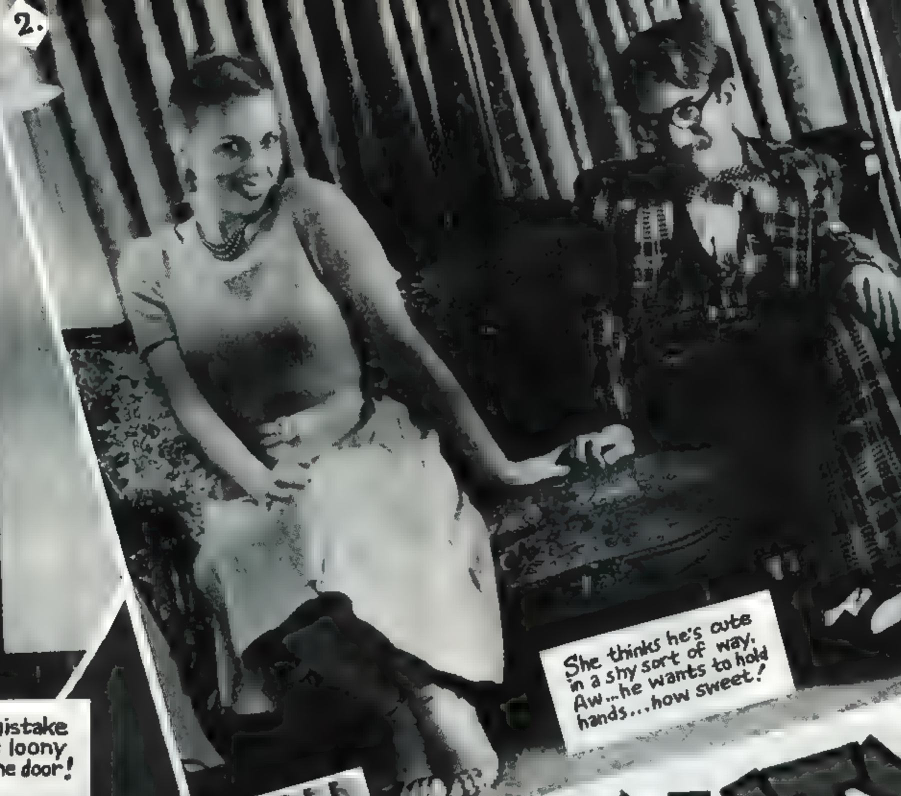

TELE
Hello...... Suicide Prevention...
Hello!!!..I need some Help!! I need to talk To somebody... and........
TELEPHONE
What's your name?!
What the "FUCK" is the difference What my name is!?!!
..I just need to Talk with some-body.....
...Don't use that kind of lan-guage with me.....and DON'T yell in the phone,...or I'm going to hang-up......
What the!!
...you fucking asshole You're suppposed to be a "crisis line"....not a jail matron...... even they.....
Click
TELEPHONE
Those..
dangle! dangle!
TELEPHONE
WAAA
sob!! sob!! sob!! sob!! sob!
Hello ?!!?!! This is the operator..... ...can I get you another number?!!
TELEPHONE
...I don't Know why Suicide Control hung-up ?!!
Those fuck-sob! sob!...they didn't like me! yelling in to the phone... sniff!...sniff!...
I can recon-nect you with them?!...
I hope you're not going to do anything silly!!!
Oooohhhh
haw! haw! haw! haw! haw
haw! haw! haw! realllll-yyyy!!!!.... haw!..sniff!..sniff!...... Thank-you! That's just what I needed to hear!!! haw! haw!! haw!
TELEPHONE
ha! ha! ha!
I'll be o.k. now...
ha! ha!
TELEPHONE
Hello.... This is Suicide Prevention.... May I help you?!!
NO THANKS! the Operator just did it all.....
TELEPHONE

"BEAUTY and the PEST"

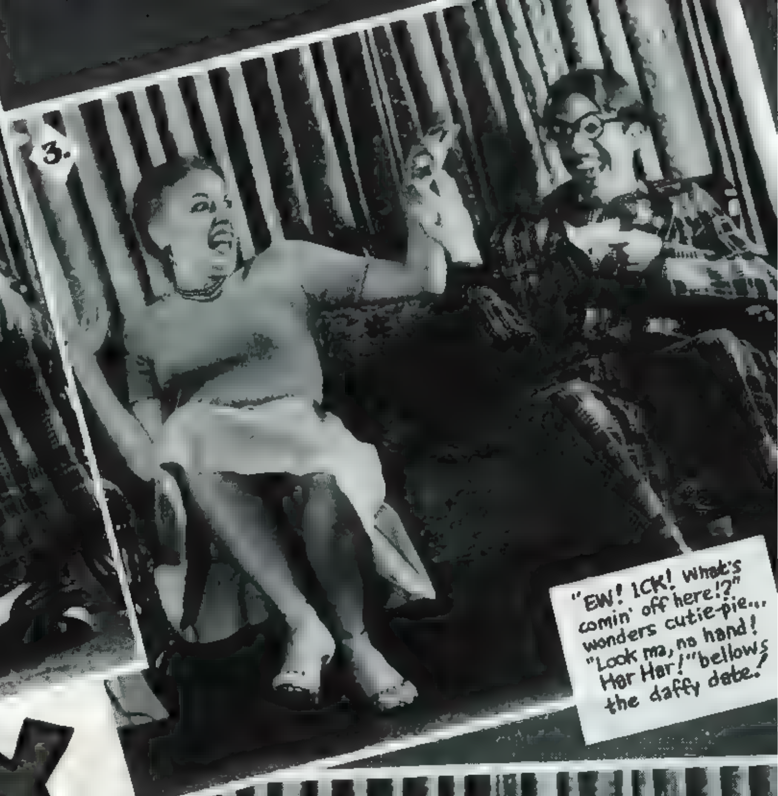
SHE WAS HUNGRY FOR LOVE BUT ALL SHE GOT WAS CORN!



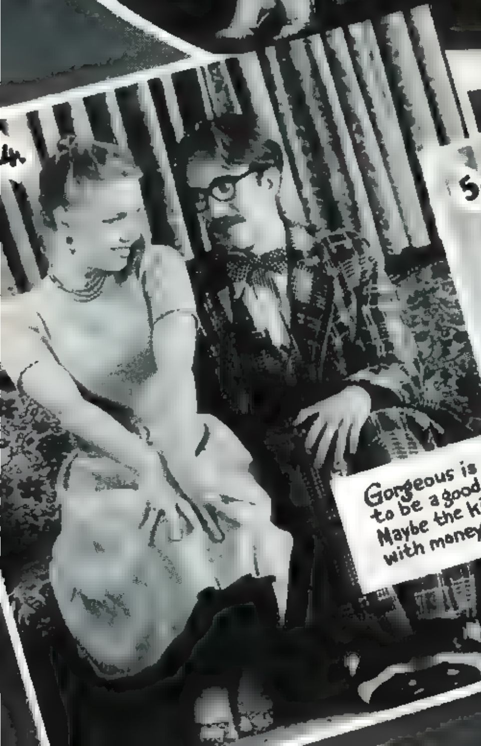
Beauty's first mistake was letting this loony get his foot in the door!



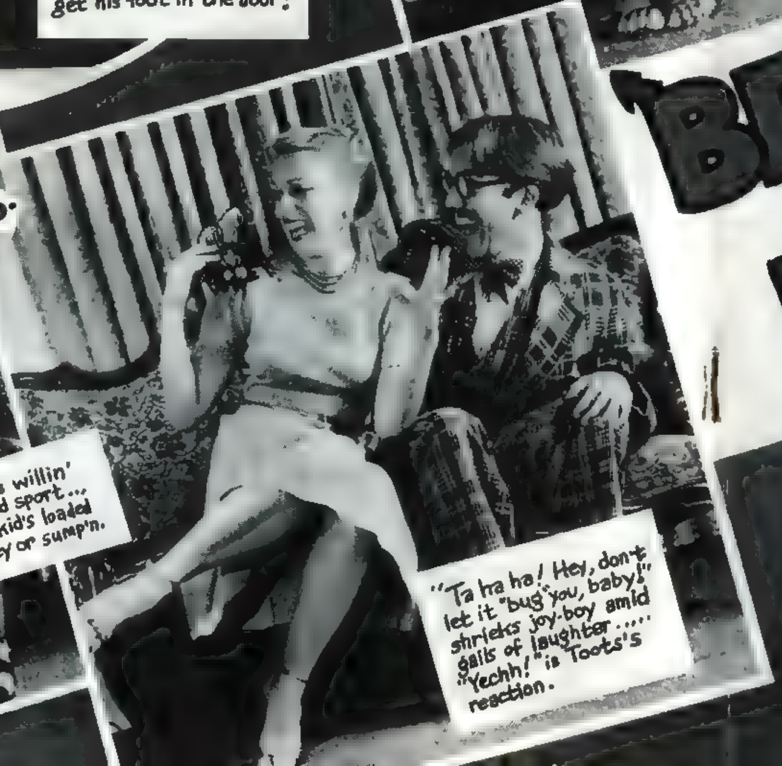
She thinks he's cute in a shy sort of way. Aw...he wants to hold hands...how sweet!



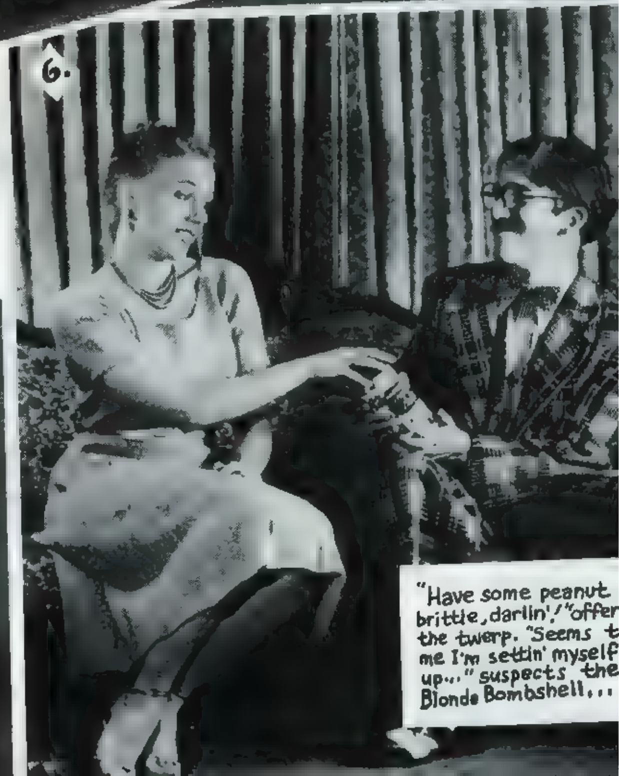
"EW! ICK! What's comin' off here!?" wonders cutie-pie... "Look ma, no hand! Har Har!" bellows the daffy date!



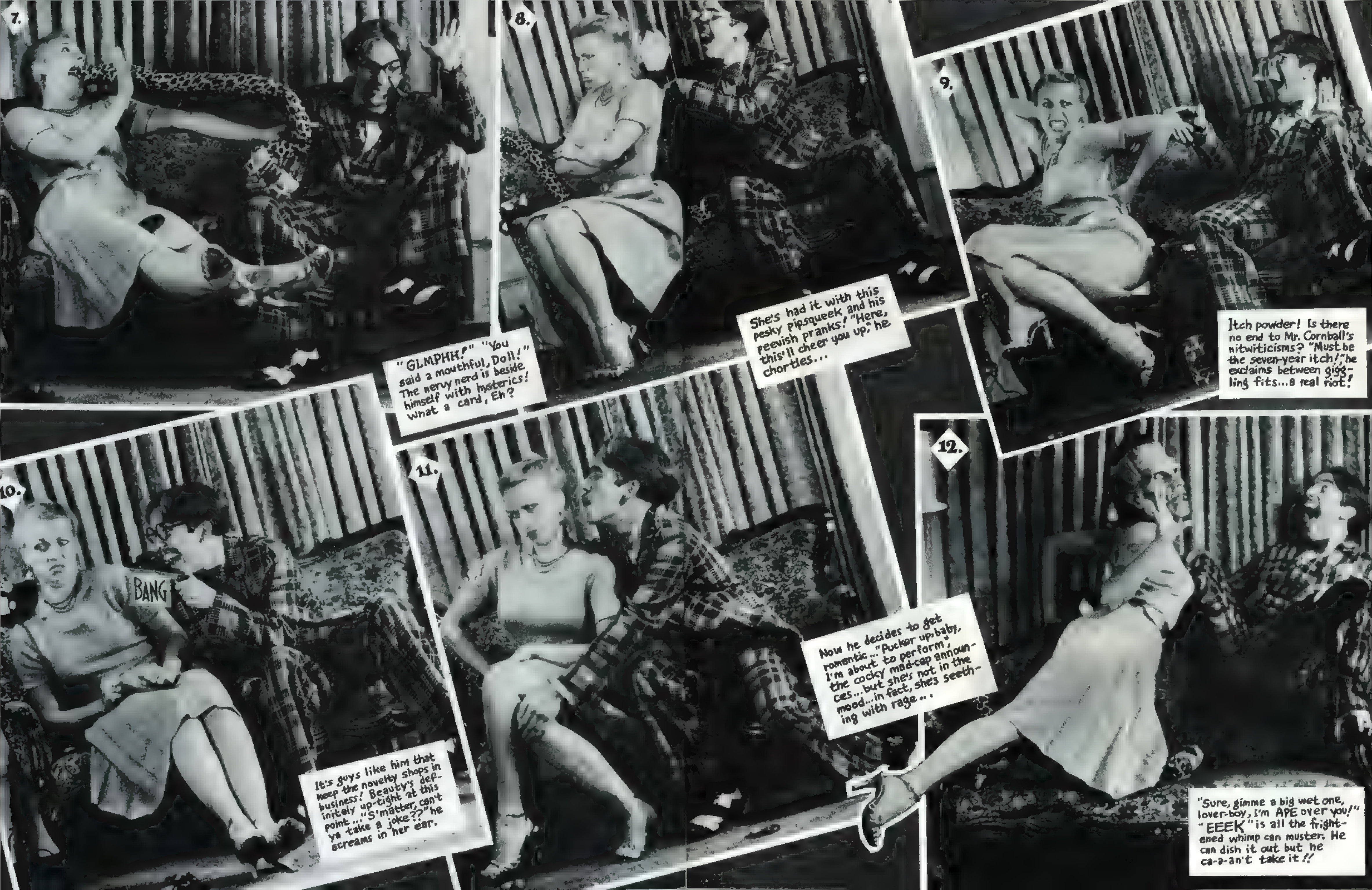
Gorgeous is willin' to be a good sport... Maybe the kid's loaded with money or sump'n.



"Ta ha ha! Hey, don't let it "bug" you, baby!" shrieks joy-boy amid gails of laughter..... "Yechh!" is Toots's reaction.



"Have some peanut brittle, darlin'," offer the twerp. "Seems t me I'm settin' myself up..." suspects the Blonde Bombshell,...



"GLMPHH!" "You said a mouthful, Doll!" The nervy nerd is beside himself with hysterics! What a card, Eh?

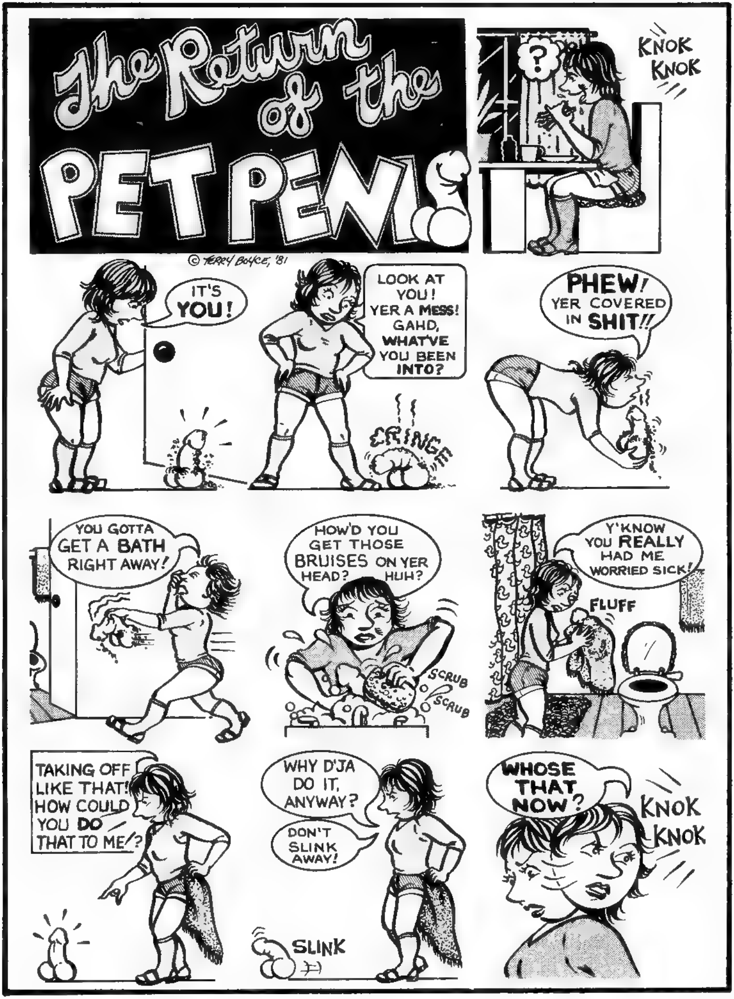
She's had it with this pesky pipsqueak and his peevish pranks! "Here, this'll cheer you up," he chortles...

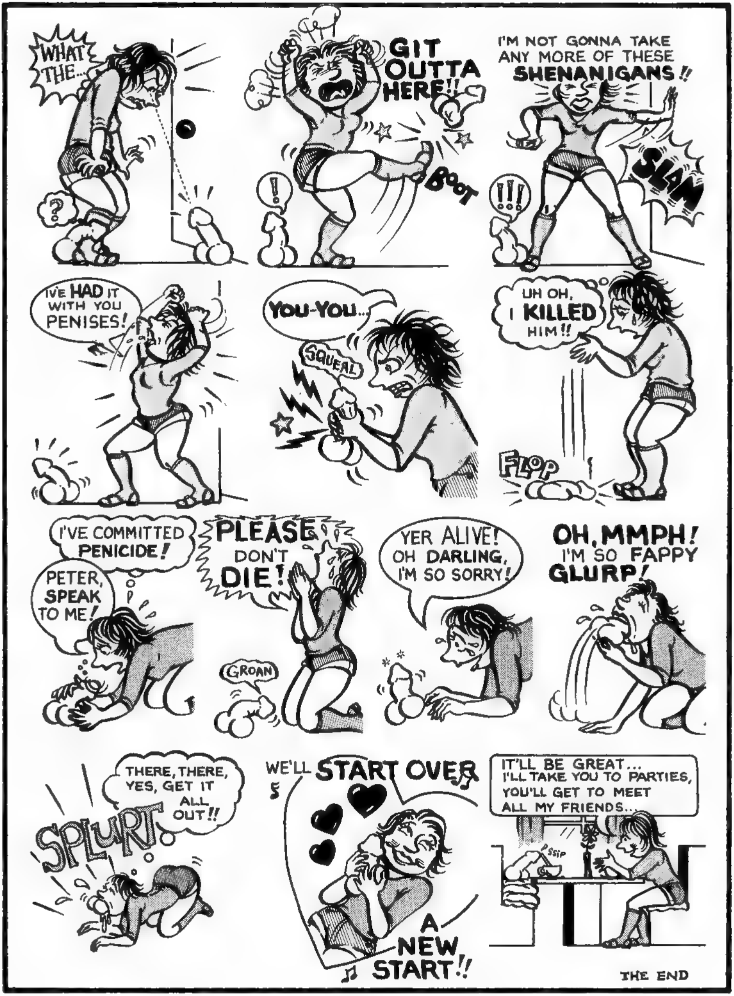
Itch powder! Is there no end to Mr. Cornball's nitwiticisms? "Must be the seven-year itch!" he exclaims between giggling fits...a real riot!

It's guys like him that keep the novelty shops in business! Beauty's definitely up-tight at this point... "S'matter, can't ya take a joke??" he screams in her ear.

Now he decides to get romantic... "Pucker up, baby, I'm about to perform," the cocky mad-cap announces...but she's not in the mood...in fact, she's seething with rage...

"Sure, gimme a big wet one, lover-boy, I'm APE over you!" "EEEK" is all the frightened whimp can muster. He can dish it out but he ca-a-an't take it!!


The Return of the PET PENIS
KNOK KNOK
?
© TERRY BOYCE, '81
IT'S YOU!
LOOK AT YOU! YER A MESS! GAHD, WHAT'VE YOU BEEN INTO?
CRINGE
PHEW! YER COVERED IN SHIT!!
YOU GOTTA GET A BATH RIGHT AWAY!
HOW'D YOU GET THOSE BRUISES ON YER HEAD? HUH?
SCRUB SCRUB
Y'KNOW YOU REALLY HAD ME WORRIED SICK!
FLUFF
TAKING OFF LIKE THAT! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO ME!?
WHY D'JA DO IT, ANYWAY?
DON'T SLINK AWAY!
SLINK
WHOSE THAT NOW?
KNOK KNOK


WHAT THE...
?
GIT OUTTA HERE!!
BOOT
!
I'M NOT GONNA TAKE ANY MORE OF THESE SHENANIGANS!!
SLAM
!!!
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU PENISES!
YOU-YOU...
SQUEAL
UH OH, I KILLED HIM!!
FLOP
I'VE COMMITTED PENICIDE!
PETER, SPEAK TO ME!
PLEASE DON'T DIE!
GROAN
YER ALIVE! OH DARLING, I'M SO SORRY!
OH, MMPH! I'M SO FAPPY GLURP!
THERE, THERE, YES, GET IT ALL OUT!!
SPLURT
WE'LL START OVER
A NEW START!!
IT'LL BE GREAT... I'LL TAKE YOU TO PARTIES, YOU'LL GET TO MEET ALL MY FRIENDS...
PSSIP
THE END

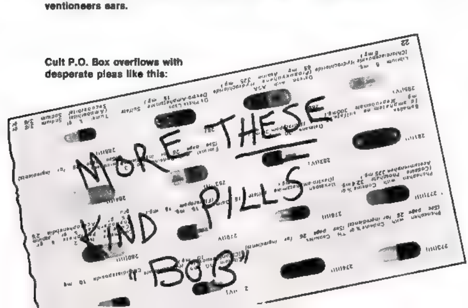
EXCLUSIVE ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

INSIDE 'BOB' CULT'S DALLAS POW WOW

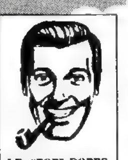
SubGenius Front-man "Dad" Stang has perfected chatty TV manner to beguile would-be converts.

Once inside the Cult, SubGenii are forced to listen to "anti-music" constantly. Here, infamous "Doctors for 'Bob'" assault conventioneers ears.

Cult P.O. Box overflows with desperate pleas like this:



MORE THESE
KIND PILLS
"BOB"



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

By JAY KINNEY
Weirdo Reporter

PHOTOS AND TEXT:
© COPYRIGHT 1982 by JAY KINNEY

The placid State of Texas was turned into one gigantic loony bin when rabid followers of America's fastest-growing cult descended for their Annual Convention blast.

I DIDN'T know what to expect when I flew into Dallas, Texas for the First Annual World SubGenius Convention, in mid-November, 1981. As the first official conclave of this strange new cult centered around the mysterious J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the Convention had been the object of numerous rumors. Miraculous healings, bizzare rituals, drunken parties, rare and unusual films, cult celebrities like DEVO and Elvis Costello—all had been promised by the leadership or expected by the loyal followers of the Church of the SubGenius.

"Bob" Devotees flock from all over for big Con blast. This threesome drove to Dallas from Baltimore. Middleman calls himself Tentatively a Convenience. "Bobettes" on either side known as "Salerie and/or Vally".

(Left) Nazi Slug Door Guards provide tight security while cultists gather. (Right) Rev.'s Myer and Stang whip the crowd into a frenzy with blasphemous "spoutings" and harangues.

What *really* occurred, both publicly and behind-the-scenes, was far stranger than anyone's most twisted imaginings, and I WAS THERE! I just hope the following report will serve as fair warning to anyone foolish enough to consider "checking out" the SubGenii themselves.

The Church of the SubGenius's origins are unnecessarily hazy and cult elders Rev. Ivan Stang and Dr. Philo Drummond like it that way. This much is known: J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, a highly successful awning salesman and occasional bit-actor in B-movies, first experienced clairvoyant contact with both the Wrathful Space God (known as JHVH-1) and certain aliens (known as X-ists) sometime in the late 50's. However it was not until nearly twenty years later that Dobbs' unique revelations began to gain public notice. As the now-rich Dobbs removed himself further and further from normal social intercourse, his attention consumed by his rapidly-escalating predictions of imminent doom and his critical-paranoia sharpened to a fine edge by constant talk of "The Conspiracy", SubGenius front-men Stang and Drummond seized the organization's reins and launched its present phase of intense evangelism.

Many of the so-called SubGenii who flocked to Dallas for the Convention had first learned of the Church from mysterious "Bob" stickers gracing the walls of public facilities from San Diego to Baltimore. Still others had heard the tapes of "Doctors for 'Bob'"and other SubG bands played over the airwaves by unwitting college radio stations. Still others had been led into the Church's arms by enthusiastic friends buzzing about "slack", "frop", and "buckets of pills". But no matter what recruiting method was responsible, once they were members the SubGenii all shared a common tell-tale trait: their unerring faith in their own weirdness and a scathing disgust with the "normals", the "pinkboys", the "po'buckers" who surround them.

And, quite frankly, some of the conventioneers were indeed "odd" as the photos accompanying this report clearly show. Ex-hippies, ex-punks, ex-radicals, ex-vets,—in short the ex-dregs of an ex-society gone mad with killer satellites and extra-crunchy fried chicken—these fanatical followers of a man they've never seen gathered in Dallas to flaunt their abnormality right under the very noses of the Law.

The Convention site was a pair of giant loft-spaces in downtown Dallas, a mere block from the Dallas Police HQ. Nazi Slug Door Guards made sure that only cult members or their closest friends were admitted—and then only after paying a stiff $10 or $20 Con membership fee. (SubGenius leaders later declined to reveal just how much they cleared in membership and merchandise sales preferring to publicly wring their hands over supposedly overdrawn checking accounts. Cult insiders know better.)

Once inside, the SubGenii lost no time in meeting each other, perusing exhibits of sacred art (including a hideous velvet painting of "Bob's" grinning face), purchasing heaps of SubGenius paraphernalia (shirts, buttons, medallions, certificates, and publications), and constantly "going to the john" which was soon papered with layers of "Bob" stickers ritualistically stuck up by devotees while engaging in Excremeditation—the cult's primary spiritual practice.

Since most SubG members are spawn of the TV generation, they are heavily addicted to a constant barrage of cheap cultural thrills in which they claim to find deep and profound truths. And there were thrills aplenty all weekend as no less than six bands took the risers. Rote Biological, Chef Physique, Buck Naked and the Jaybirds, Stickmen with Rayguns—all local gunk or spew wave groups warmed up the crowd with progessively less human sounds as the Con wore on. But the pinnacle of "anti-music" (the only form of rhythmic noise officially sanctioned by the Church) was finally reached with the harrowing performances of the two cult bands, Doctors for "Bob" and Doctors for Wotan, on Saturday night, Nov. 21st.

Words fail to convey the mind-shattering wretchedness of Doctors for "Bob", five non-musicians from Little Rock, Arkansas. Perhaps if you try to imagine a crazed Kindergarten rhythm band combined with a chorus of tone-deaf Mongolians chanting Gregorian chants in a parking-lot full of car radios cranked up to top volume you might begin to approach the outer perimeters of the experience.

As for Doctors for Wotan—the cult's musical equivalent of a floating crap game—their demonic sounds had dogs howling for miles around as everyone in the room picked up instruments and jammed. The din was deafening and soon drove out any fake-SubGenii lurking in the corners.

Saturday night also saw the single most eagerly awaited ritual of the Convention: the Launching of the Bleeding Head of the World Cup Golfer. A sacred relic long in the possession of Janor Hypercleats of the MegaFisTemple Lodge of the Church of the SubGenius-Little Rock, the Head was temporarily captured in mid-1981 by a rival band of Trevinoists (worshippers of a false pretender to the World Cup). The Palmerite-Trevinoist War raged through Arkansas for several months before the Head was recaptured by the SubGenii and secretly transported to Dallas. The adjacent photos of the ritual Launching unfortunately do not show the frantic bowing and genuflecting of the crowd as the Head was unveiled and its radiant presence felt. This power of the Head was dispersed amongst the crowd as it was Launched, and the once-bloody head was healed. It sounds incredible, but I SAW IT!

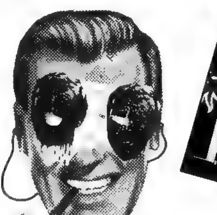
RITES and ICONS *Revealed*

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BLEEDING HEAD OF THE WORLD CUP GOLFER

(1) Rev. Sterno Keckhaver unveils the Head and taunts the troops. (2) Rev. Janor Hypercleats prepares to Launch the Head. (3) Blast off!!

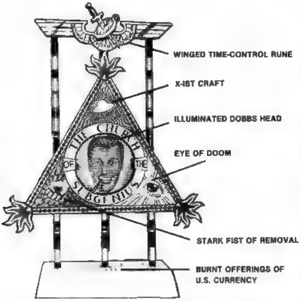
RITUAL MASK

Created specially for "the Launching", this ritual "Bob" mask features both bleeding and healed Golfer heads over the eyes.



ALL ICONS AND RITUALS:
© COPYRIGHT 1982 by SubGenius Foundation

MYSTIC ALTAR

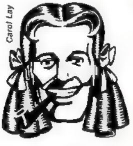


This six-foot tall altar, like the ''aids'' below, was designed by Rev. John Hagen. ''Bob'' face lights up during rituals.

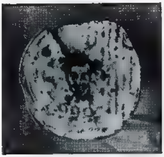
MEDITATION AIDS

Popular power pyramids are used by devotees for preserving meat or worn as hats. Conspiracy medicine (in center box) is only taken as directed. Portrait of ''Bobra'' (below left) shows Dobbs' sister.

MIRACLE TORTILLA



"BOBRA"



(Above right) ''Bob's'' face and number (999) miraculously appeared on tortilla of humble Mexican woman, June 15, 1963, in Plano, Texas.

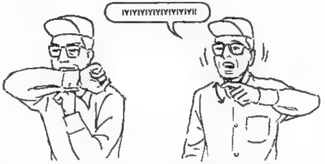
SNIPER'S PERCH

Brazen cult zombies parade at J.F.K. assassination site. Note Texas Schoolbook Depository in background.

The final day of the Convention was Sunday, November 22nd, the 18th anniversary of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. This was hardly a coincidence as rapidly became clear when thirteen top SubGenii descended upon Dallas's Dealey Plaza for the final rites. As tourists gaped and assassinologists popped in and out of manholes where additional hitmen supposedly hid on that fateful day long ago, the cultists staged a ''March of 'Bobs'''. Three members in ''Bob'' masks defiantly marched past the assassination site, while the others solemnly performed ''the Salute''. (See pictures.) According to Dr. Drummond, the rite gave clear warning to ''the Conspiracy'' that lone nuts are no longer willing to play the scapegoat for every assassination that comes along!

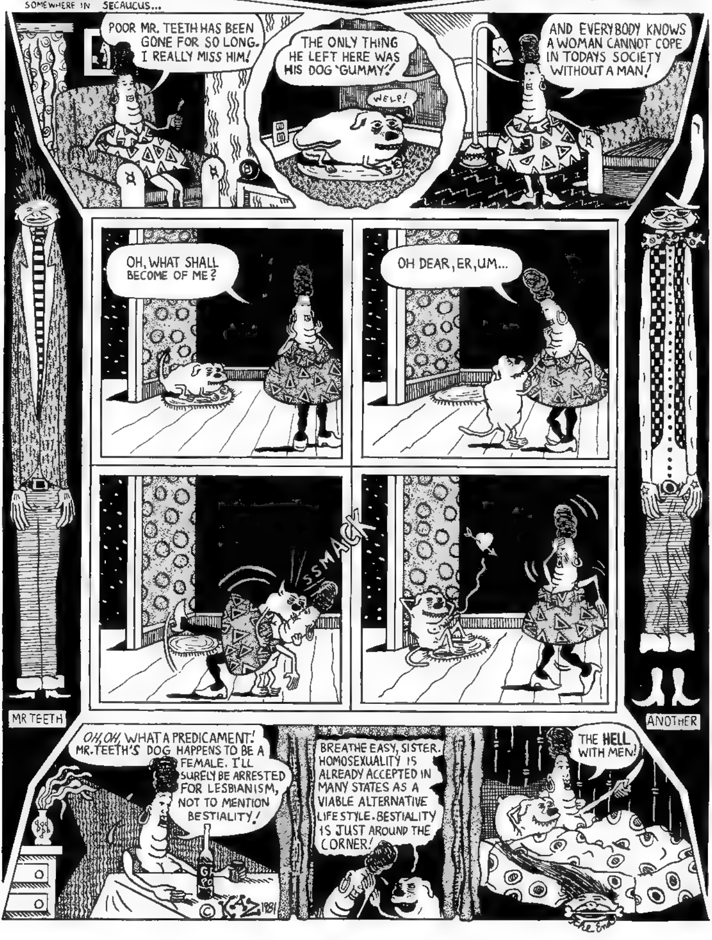
I left the SubGenius Convention sobered and still no closer to the truth. Are these cultists the dreaded One World Religion prophesized by Bible-thumping Christians? Can they be a force for good as well as evil? Who *were* those ladies I saw them with last night? These and other questions plague me still as I stare at ''Bob's'' smiling face on the wall above my desk. He looks like a happy man . . . a kind man . . . and yet, there's just a touch of mania in those eyes that tells me that *anything* can happen . . . and probably will. ■

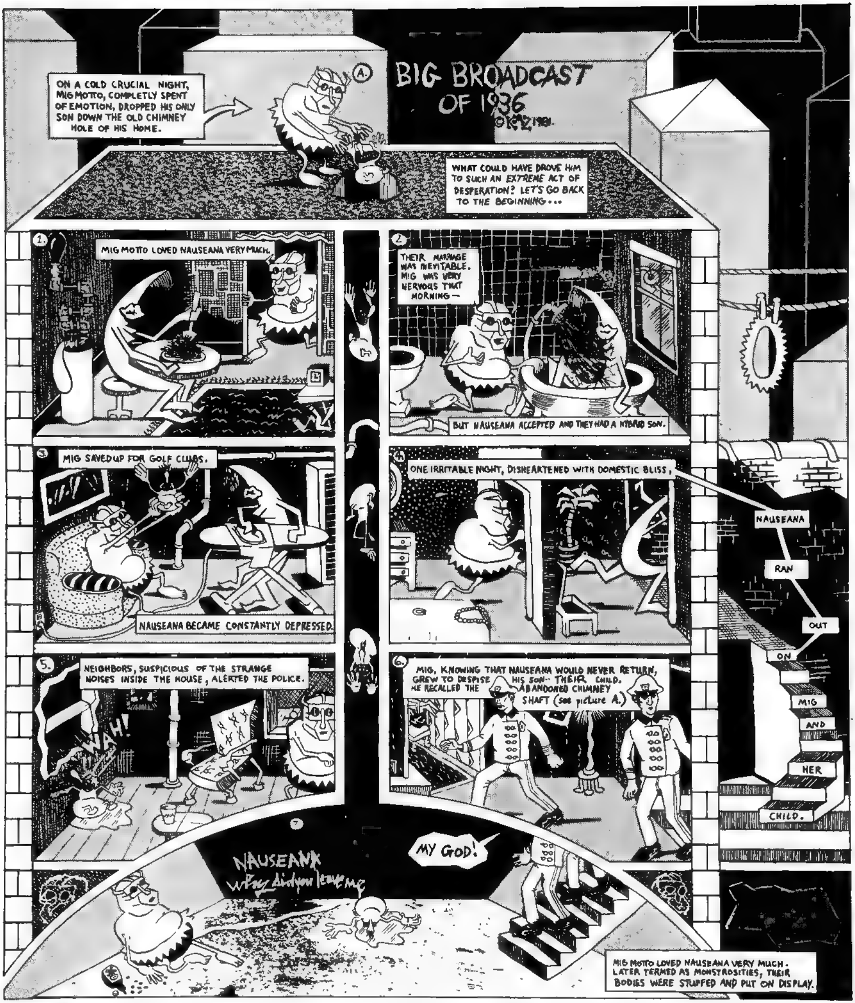
PERFORMING THE SALUTE

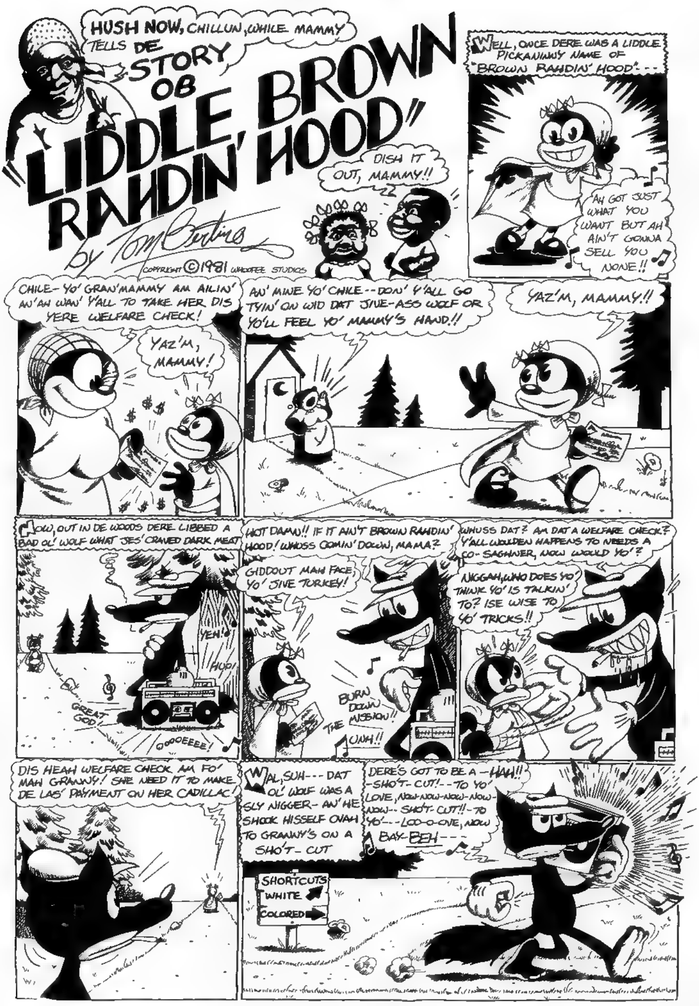

IYIYIYIYIYIYIYIYI!

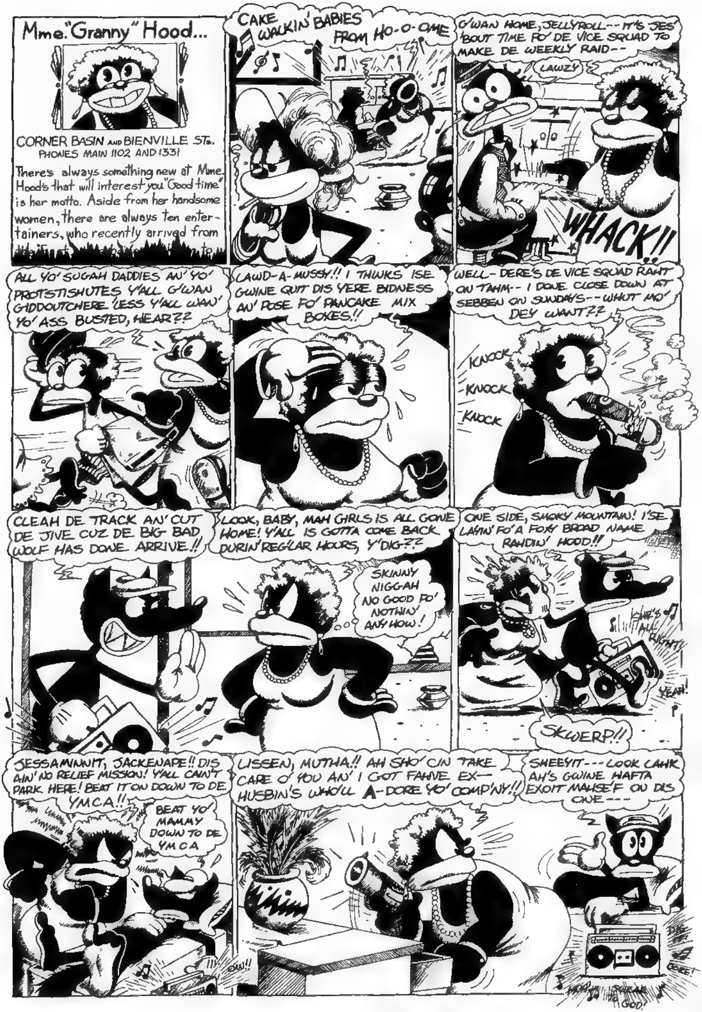
(Left) Slack sign calls for Time-out. (Right) For Salute, index finger strums throat while violent gargling sound is made.

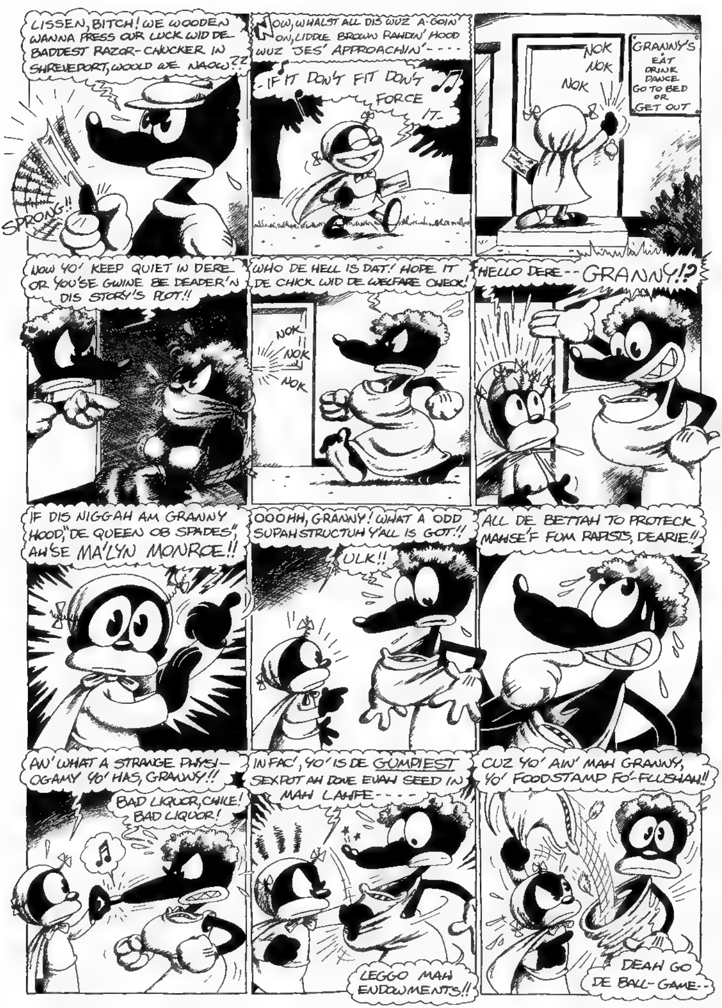
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. TEETH

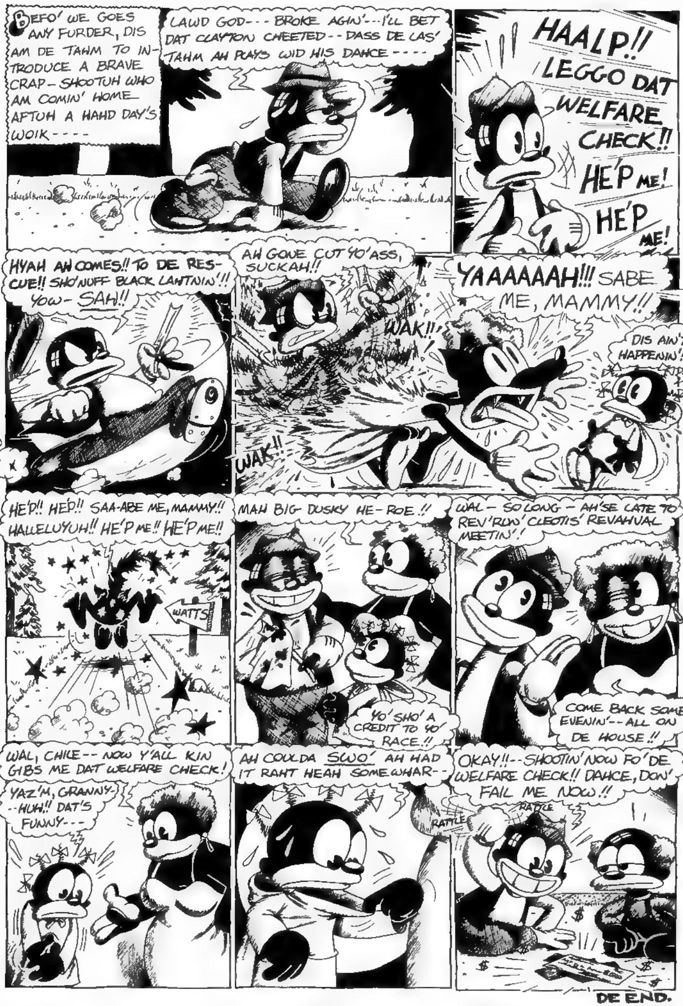

SOMEWHERE IN SECAUCUS...
POOR MR. TEETH HAS BEEN GONE FOR SO LONG. I REALLY MISS HIM!
THE ONLY THING HE LEFT HERE WAS HIS DOG 'GUMMY'!
WELP!
AND EVERYBODY KNOWS A WOMAN CANNOT COPE IN TODAYS SOCIETY WITHOUT A MAN!
OH, WHAT SHALL BECOME OF ME?
OH DEAR, ER, UM...
SSMACK
MR TEETH
ANOTHER
OH, OH, WHAT A PREDICAMENT! MR. TEETH'S DOG HAPPENS TO BE A FEMALE. I'LL SURELY BE ARRESTED FOR LESBIANISM, NOT TO MENTION BESTIALITY!
BREATHE EASY, SISTER. HOMOSEXUALITY IS ALREADY ACCEPTED IN MANY STATES AS A VIABLE ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE. BESTIALITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!
THE HELL WITH MEN!
© KAZ 1981
The End

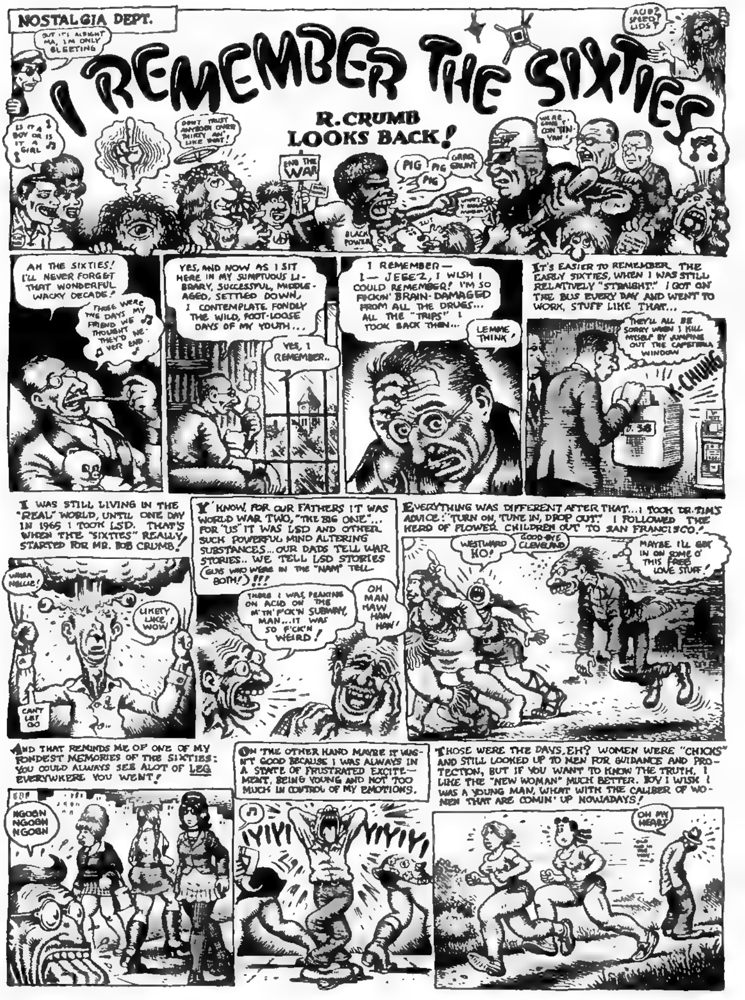
BIG BROADCAST OF 1936
©KZ1981.
A.
ON A COLD CRUCIAL NIGHT, MIG MOTTO, COMPLETELY SPENT OF EMOTION, DROPPED HIS ONLY SON DOWN THE OLD CHIMNEY HOLE OF HIS HOME.
WHAT COULD HAVE DROVE HIM TO SUCH AN EXTREME ACT OF DESPERATION? LET'S GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING...
1.
MIG MOTTO LOVED NAUSEANA VERY MUCH.
2.
THEIR MARRIAGE WAS INEVITABLE. MIG WAS VERY NERVOUS THAT MORNING—
BUT NAUSEANA ACCEPTED AND THEY HAD A HYBRID SON.
3.
MIG SAVED UP FOR GOLF CLUBS.
NAUSEANA BECAME CONSTANTLY DEPRESSED.
4.
ONE IRRITABLE NIGHT, DISHEARTENED WITH DOMESTIC BLISS,
NAUSEANA
RAN
OUT
ON
MIG
AND
HER
CHILD.
5.
NEIGHBORS, SUSPICIOUS OF THE STRANGE NOISES INSIDE THE HOUSE, ALERTED THE POLICE.
WAH!
6.
MIG, KNOWING THAT NAUSEANA WOULD NEVER RETURN, GREW TO DESPISE HIS SON-- THEIR CHILD. HE RECALLED THE ABANDONED CHIMNEY SHAFT (see picture A.)
7
MY GOD!
NAUSEANA why did you leave me
MIG MOTTO LOVED NAUSEANA VERY MUCH. LATER TERMED AS MONSTROSITIES, THEIR BODIES WERE STUFFED AND PUT ON DISPLAY.

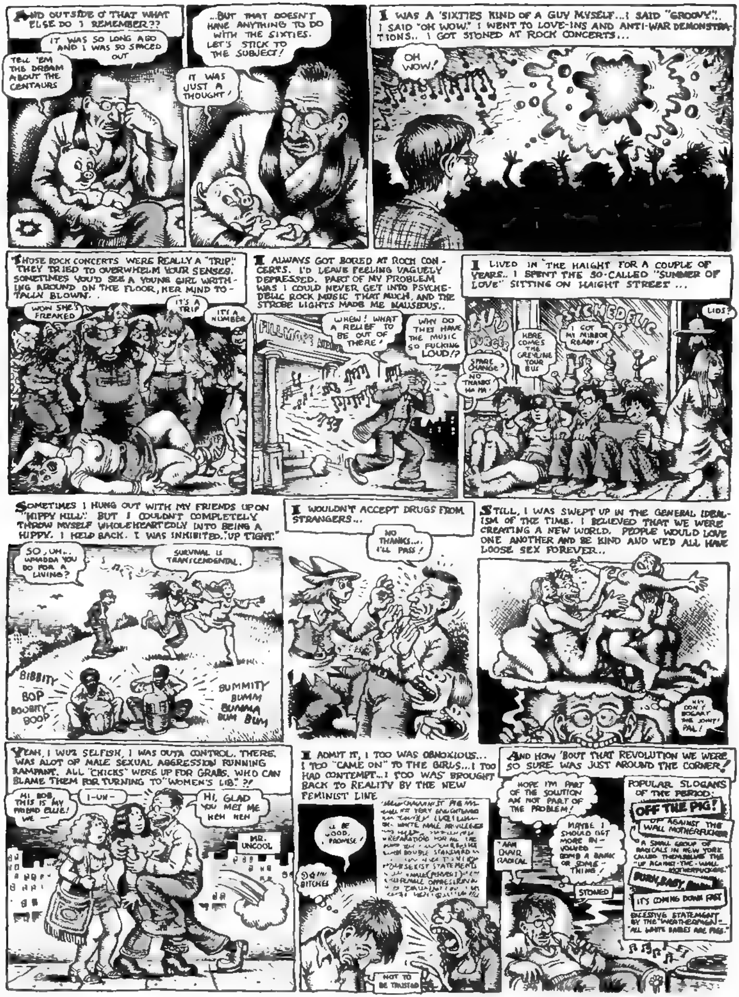

HUSH NOW, CHILLUN, WHILE MAMMY TELLS DE STORY OB
"LIDDLE BROWN RAHDIN' HOOD"
by Tom Bertino
COPYRIGHT © 1981 WHOOPEE STUDIOS
DISH IT OUT, MAMMY!!
WELL, ONCE DERE WAS A LIDDLE PICKANINNY NAME OF "BROWN RAHDIN' HOOD"- - -
AH GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT BUT AH AIN'T GONNA SELL YOU NONE!!
CHILE- YO' GRAN'MAMMY AM AILIN' AN'AH WAN' Y'ALL TO TAKE HER DIS YERE WELFARE CHECK!
YAZ'M, MAMMY!
AN' MINE YO' CHILE- -DON' Y'ALL GO TYIN' ON WID DAT JIVE-ASS WOLF OR YO'LL FEEL YO' MAMMY'S HAND!!
YAZ'M, MAMMY!!
NOW, OUT IN DE WOODS DERE LIBBED A BAD OL' WOLF WHAT JES' CRAVED DARK MEAT
YEH!
HO!
GREAT GOD!
OOOOEEEE!
HOT DAMN!! IF IT AIN'T BROWN RAHDIN' HOOD! WHOSS COMIN' DOWN, MAMA?
GIDDOUT MAH FACE, YO' JIVE TURKEY!
BURN DOWN THE MISSION!!
UNH!!
WHUSS DAT? AM DAT A WELFARE CHECK? Y'ALL WOULDEN HAPPENS TO NEEDS A CO-SAGHNER, NOW WOULD YO'?
NIGGAH, WHO DOES YO' THINK YO' IS TALKIN' TO? ISE WISE TO YO' TRICKS!!
DIS HEAH WELFARE CHECK AM FO' MAH GRANNY! SHE NEED IT TO MAKE DE LAS' PAYMENT ON HER CADILLAC!
WAL, SUH- - - DAT OL' WOLF WAS A SLY NIGGER- AN' HE SHOOK HISSELF OVAH TO GRANNY'S ON A SHO'T- CUT
DERE'S GOT TO BE A -HAH!! -SHO'T- CUT!- -TO YO' LOVE, NOW-NOW-NOW-NOW-NOW- - SHO'T- CUT!!- TO YO'- - -LOO-O-OVE, NOW BAY-BEH- - -
SHORTCUTS
WHITE
COLORED

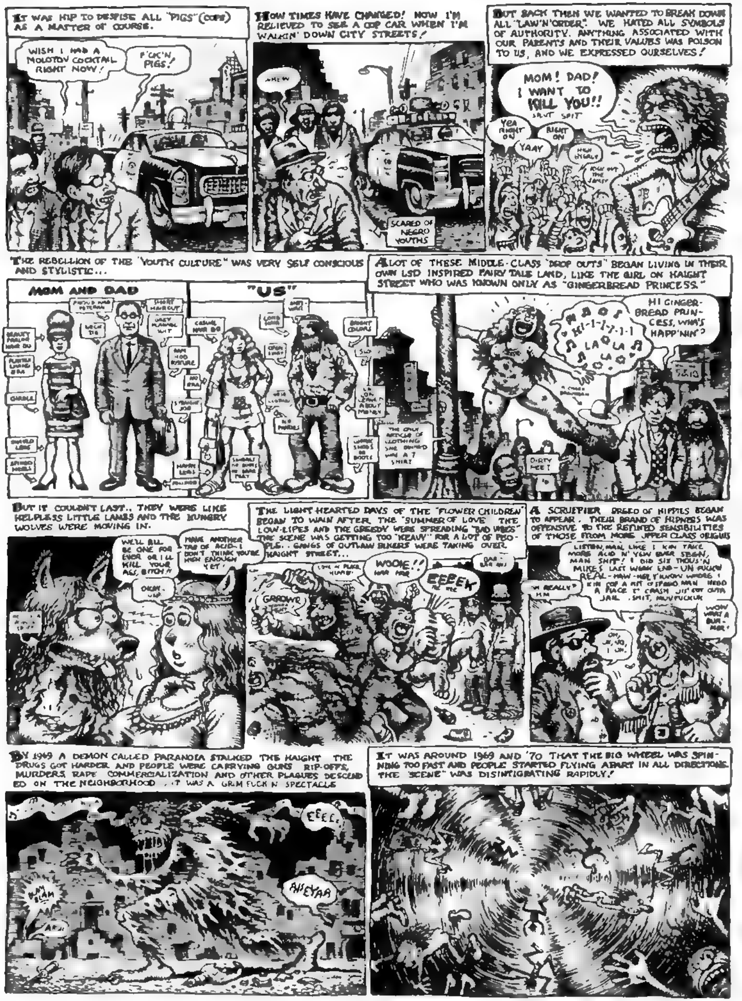

Mme. "Granny" Hood...
CORNER BASIN AND BIENVILLE STs.
PHONES MAIN 1102 AND 1331
There's always something new at Mme. Hood's that will interest you "Good time" is her motto. Aside from her handsome women, there are always ten entertainers, who recently arrived from
CAKE WALKIN' BABIES FROM HO-O-OME
G'WAN HOME, JELLYROLL -- IT'S JES' 'BOUT TIME FO' DE VICE SQUAD TO MAKE DE WEEKLY RAID --
LAWZY
WHACK!!
ALL YO' SUGAH DADDIES AN' YO' PROTSTISHUTES Y'ALL G'WAN GIDDOUTCHERE 'LESS Y'ALL WAN' YO' ASS BUSTED, HEAR??
LAWD-A-MUSSY!! I THINKS I'SE GWINE QUIT DIS YERE BIDNESS AN' POSE FO' PANCAKE MIX BOXES!!
WELL- DERE'S DE VICE SQUAD RAHT ON TAHM -- I DONE CLOSE DOWN AT SEBBEN ON SUNDAYS -- WHUT MO' DEY WANT??
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
CLEAH DE TRACK AN' CUT DE JIVE CUZ DE BIG BAD WOLF HAS DONE ARRIVE!!
LOOK, BABY, MAH GIRLS IS ALL GONE HOME! Y'ALL IS GOTTA COME BACK DURIN' REG'LAR HOURS, Y'DIG??
SKINNY NIGGAH NO GOOD FO' NOTHIN' ANYHOW!
ONE SIDE, SMOKY MOUNTAIN! I'SE LAHIN' FO' A FOXY BROAD NAME RAHDIN' HOOD!!
SHE'S ALL RIGHT!
YEAH!
SKWERP!!
JESSAMINNIT, JACKENAPE!! DIS AIN' NO RELIEF MISSION! Y'ALL CAIN'T PARK HERE! BEAT IT ON DOWN TO DE YMCA!!
BEAT YO' MAMMY DOWN TO DE YMCA
OW!!
LISSEN, MUTHA!! AH SHO' CIN TAKE CARE O' YOU AN' I GOT FAHVE EX-HUSBIN'S WHO'LL A-DORE YO' COMP'NY!!
SHEEYIT --- LOOK LAHK AH'S GWINE HAFTA EXOIT MAHSE'F ON DIS ONE ---
COKE!
GOD!

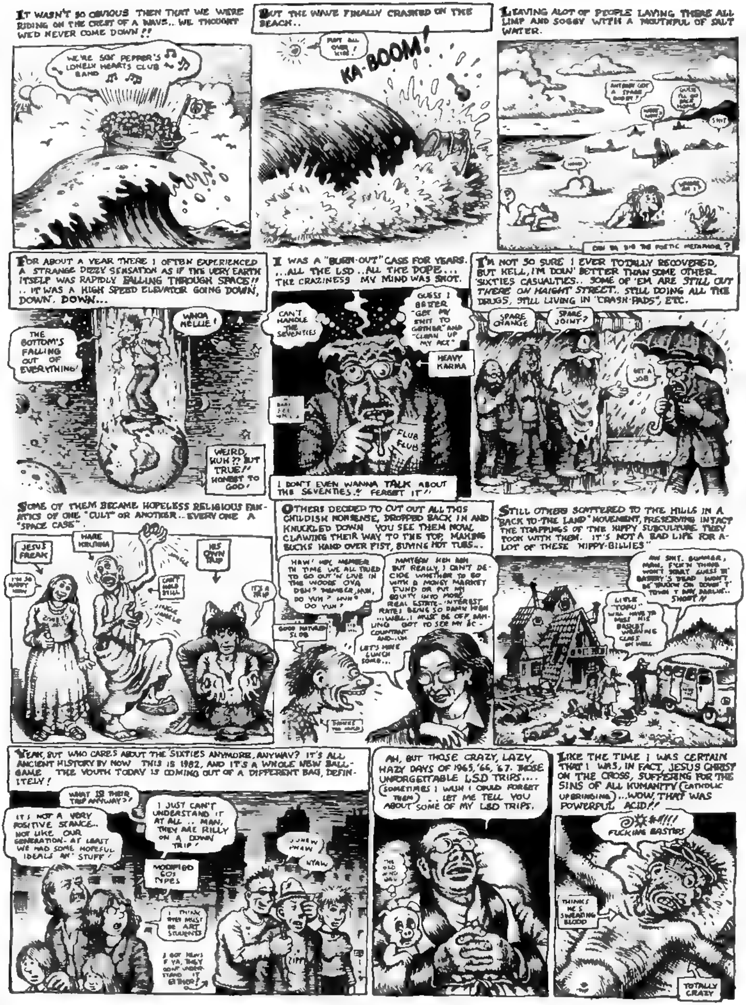

LISSEN, BITCH! WE WOODEN WANNA PRESS OUR LUCK WID DE BADDEST RAZOR-CHUCKER IN SHREVEPORT, WOOLD WE NAOW??
SPRONG!!
NOW, WHALST ALL DIS WUZ A-GOIN' ON, LIDDLE BROWN RAHDIN' HOOD WUZ 'JES' APPROACHIN'- - - -
IF IT DON'T FIT DON'T FORCE IT-
NOK NOK NOK
GRANNY'S EAT DRINK DANCE GO TO BED OR GET OUT
NOW YO' KEEP QUIET IN DERE OR YOU'SE GWINE BE DEADER'N DIS STORY'S PLOT!!
WHO DE HELL IS DAT! HOPE IT DE CHICK WID DE WELFARE CHECK!
NOK NOK NOK
HELLO DERE- - GRANNY!?
IF DIS NIGGAH AM GRANNY HOOD, "DE QUEEN OB SPADES", AH'SE MA'LYN MONROE!!
OOOHH, GRANNY! WHAT A ODD SUPAHSTRUCTUH Y'ALL IS GOT!!
ULK!!
ALL DE BETTAH TO PROTECK MAHSE'F FUM RAPISTS, DEARIE!!
AN' WHAT A STRANGE PHYSIOGAMY YO' HAS, GRANNY!!
BAD LIQUOR, CHILE! BAD LIQUOR!
IN FAC', YO' IS DE GUMPIEST SEXPOT AH DONE EVAH SEED IN MAH LAHFE- - - -
LEGGO MAH ENDOWMENTS!!
CUZ YO' AIN' MAH GRANNY, YO' FOODSTAMP FO'-FLUSHAH!!
DEAH GO DE BALL-GAME- -

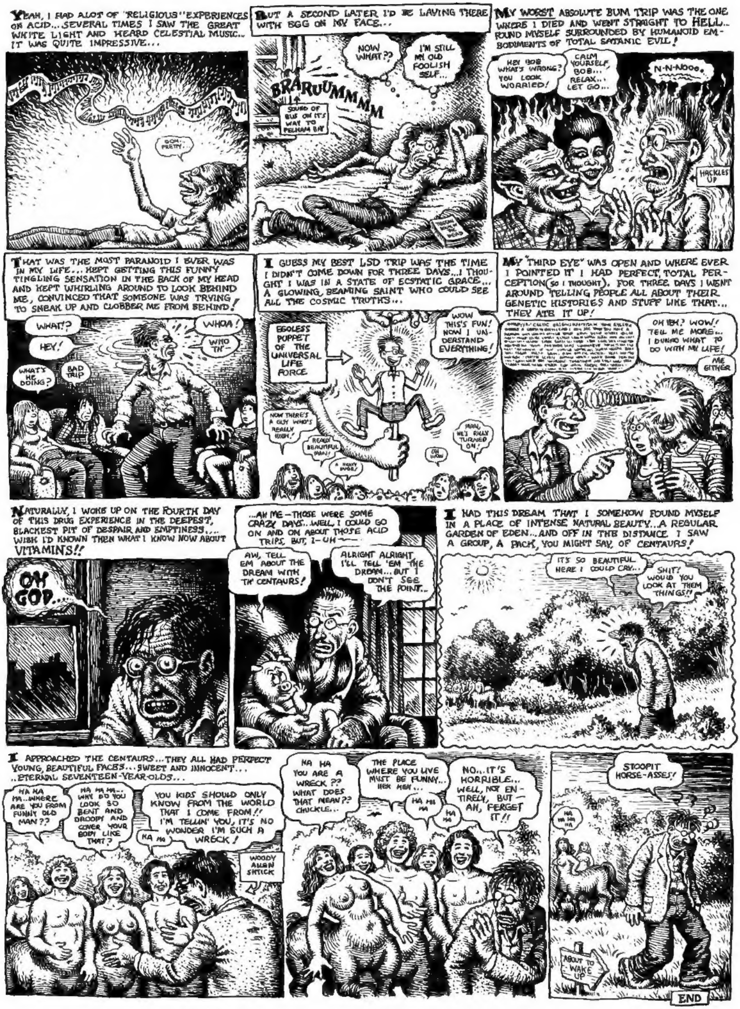

BEFO' WE GOES ANY FURDER, DIS AM DE TAHM TO INTRODUCE A BRAVE CRAP-SHOOTUH WHO AM COMIN' HOME AFTUH A HAHD DAY'S WOIK----
LAWD GOD---BROKE AGIN'---I'LL BET DAT CLAYTON CHEETED--DASS DE LAS' TAHM AH PLAYS WID HIS DAHCE----
HAALP!! LEGGO DAT WELFARE CHECK!! HE'P ME! HE'P ME!
HYAH AH COMES!! TO DE RESCUE!! SHO'NUFF BLACK LAHTNIN'!! YOW-SAH!!
AH GONE CUT YO'ASS, SUCKAH!!
WAK!!
WAK!!
YAAAAAAH!!! SABE ME, MAMMY!!
DIS AIN'T HAPPENIN'!
HE'P!! HE'P!! SAA-ABE ME, MAMMY!! HALLELUYUH!! HE'P ME!! HE'P ME!!
WATTS
MAH BIG DUSKY HE-ROE!!
YO' SHO' A CREDIT TO YO' RACE!!
WAL--SO LONG--AH'SE LATE TO REV'RUN' CLEOTIS' REVAHVAL MEETIN'!
COME BACK SOME EVENIN'--ALL ON DE HOUSE!!
WAL, CHILE--NOW Y'ALL KIN GIBS ME DAT WELFARE CHECK!
YAZ'M, GRANNY--HUH!! DAT'S FUNNY---
AH COULDA SWO' AH HAD IT RAHT HEAH SOMEWHAR--
RATTLE
OKAY!!--SHOOTIN' NOW FO' DE WELFARE CHECK!! DAHCE, DON' FAIL ME NOW!!
RATTLE
DE END.


NOSTALGIA DEPT.
BUT IT'S ALRIGHT MA, I'M ONLY BLEEDING
I REMEMBER THE SIXTIES
R. CRUMB LOOKS BACK!
AUD? SPEED? LIDS?
IS IT A BOY OR IS IT A GIRL
DON'T TRUST ANYBODY OVER THIRTY AN' LIKE THAT!
END THE WAR
PIG PIG PIG
GRRR GRUNT
BLACK POWER
TUT
WE'RE GONNA CON-TIN-YAH!
AH THE SIXTIES! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT WONDERFUL WACKY DECADE!
THOSE WERE THE DAYS MY FRIEND WE THOUGHT WE THEY'D NE VER END
YES, AND NOW AS I SIT HERE IN MY SUMPTUOUS LIBRARY, SUCCESSFUL, MIDDLE-AGED, SETTLED DOWN, I CONTEMPLATE FONDLY THE WILD, FOOT-LOOSE DAYS OF MY YOUTH...
YES, I REMEMBER..
I REMEMBER— I— JEEEZ, I WISH I COULD REMEMBER! I'M SO FICKIN' BRAIN-DAMAGED FROM ALL THE DRUGS... ALL THE "TRIPS" I TOOK BACK THEN...
LEMME THINK,
IT'S EASIER TO REMEMBER THE EARLY SIXTIES, WHEN I WAS STILL RELATIVELY "STRAIGHT." I GOT ON THE BUS EVERY DAY AND WENT TO WORK, STUFF LIKE THAT...
THEY'LL ALL BE SORRY WHEN I KILL MYSELF BY JUMPING OUT THE CAFETERIA WINDOW
K-CHUNG
8:38
I WAS STILL LIVING IN THE "REAL" WORLD, UNTIL ONE DAY IN 1965 I TOOK LSD. THAT'S WHEN THE "SIXTIES" REALLY STARTED FOR MR. BOB CRUMB!
WHOA NELLIE!
LIKETY LIKE, WOW!
CAN'T LET GO
Y'KNOW, FOR OUR FATHERS IT WAS WORLD WAR TWO, "THE BIG ONE"... FOR "US" IT WAS LSD AND OTHER SUCH POWERFUL MIND ALTERING SUBSTANCES... OUR DADS TELL WAR STORIES.. WE TELL LSD STORIES (GUYS WHO WERE IN THE "NAM" TELL BOTH!) !!!
THERE I WAS, PEAKING ON ACID ON THE M'TH'F'CK'N SUBWAY, MAN... IT WAS SO F'CK'N WEIRD!
OH MAN HAW HAW HAW!
EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT AFTER THAT... I TOOK DR. TIM'S ADVICE: "TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT." I FOLLOWED THE HERD OF FLOWER CHILDREN OUT TO SAN FRANCISCO.
WESTWARD HO!
GOOD-BYE CLEVELAND
MAYBE I'LL GET IN ON SOME O' THIS FREE LOVE STUFF!
AND THAT REMINDS ME OF ONE OF MY FONDEST MEMORIES OF THE SIXTIES: YOU COULD ALWAYS SEE ALOT OF LEG EVERYWHERE YOU WENT!
NGOBN NGOBN NGOBN
ON THE OTHER HAND MAYBE IT WASN'T GOOD BECAUSE I WAS ALWAYS IN A STATE OF FRUSTRATED EXCITEMENT, BEING YOUNG AND NOT TOO MUCH IN CONTROL OF MY EMOTIONS.
IYIYI YIYIYI
THOSE WERE THE DAYS, EH? WOMEN WERE "CHICKS" AND STILL LOOKED UP TO MEN FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION, BUT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, I LIKE THE "NEW WOMAN" MUCH BETTER. BOY I WISH I WAS A YOUNG MAN, WHAT WITH THE CALIBER OF WOMEN THAT ARE COMIN' UP NOWADAYS!
OH MY HEART

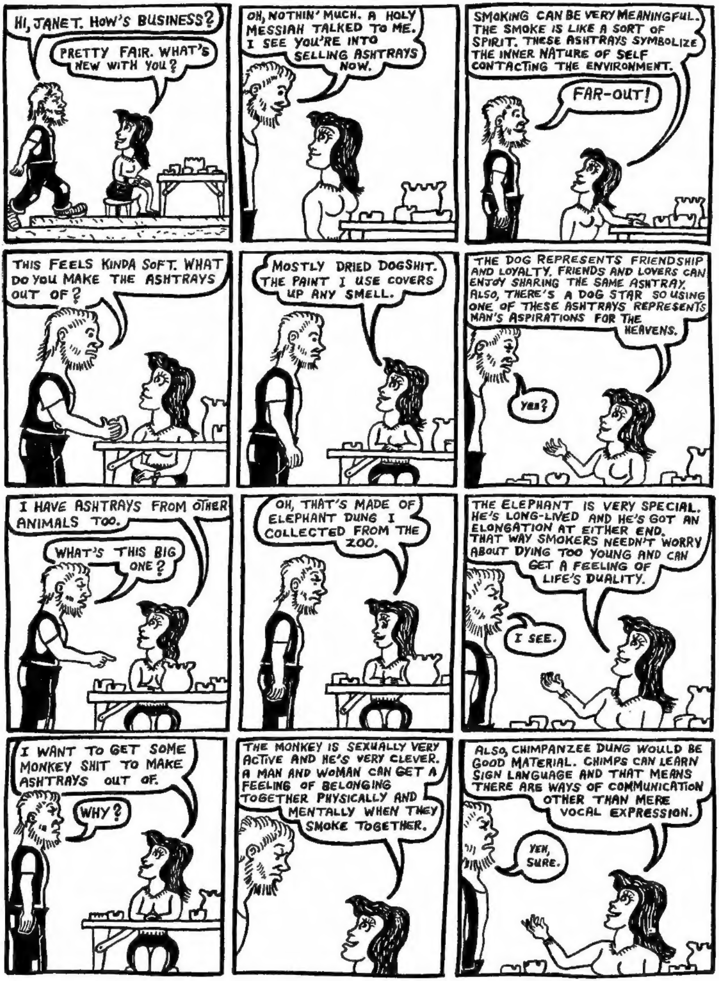

AND OUTSIDE O' THAT WHAT ELSE DO I REMEMBER??
IT WAS SO LONG AGO AND I WAS SO SPACED OUT
TELL 'EM THE DREAM ABOUT THE CENTAURS
...BUT THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SIXTIES. LET'S STICK TO THE SUBJECT!
IT WAS JUST A THOUGHT!
I WAS A 'SIXTIES KIND OF A GUY MYSELF... I SAID "GROOVY".. I SAID "OH WOW." I WENT TO LOVE-INS AND ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATIONS.. I GOT STONED AT ROCK CONCERTS...
OH WOW!
THOSE ROCK CONCERTS WERE REALLY A "TRIP." THEY TRIED TO OVERWHELM YOUR SENSES. SOMETIMES YOU'D SEE A YOUNG GIRL WRITHING AROUND ON THE FLOOR, HER MIND TOTALLY BLOWN..
WOW SHE'S FREAKED
IT'S A TRIP
IT'S A NUMBER
I ALWAYS GOT BORED AT ROCK CONCERTS. I'D LEAVE FEELING VAGUELY DEPRESSED. PART OF MY PROBLEM WAS I COULD NEVER GET INTO PSYCHEDELIC ROCK MUSIC THAT MUCH, AND THE STROBE LIGHTS MADE ME NAUSEOUS..
FILLMORE AUDITORIUM
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF TO BE OUT OF THERE!
WHY DO THEY HAVE THE MUSIC SO FUCKING LOUD!?
I LIVED IN "THE HAIGHT" FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.. I SPENT THE SO-CALLED "SUMMER OF LOVE" SITTING ON HAIGHT STREET...
LUV BURGERS
PSYCHEDELIC SHOP
SPARE CHANGE?
NO THANKS HA HA!
HERE COMES THE GREYLINE TOUR BUS
I GOT MY MIRROR READY!
LIDS?
SOMETIMES I HUNG OUT WITH MY FRIENDS UP ON "HIPPY HILL." BUT I COULDN'T COMPLETELY THROW MYSELF WHOLEHEARTEDLY INTO BEING A HIPPY. I HELD BACK. I WAS INHIBITED.."UP TIGHT."
SO, UH.. WHADDA YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
SURVIVAL IS TRANSCENDENTAL.
BIBBITY BOP BOOBITY BOOP
BUMMITY BUMM BUMMA BUM BUM
I WOULDN'T ACCEPT DRUGS FROM STRANGERS...
NO THANKS... I'LL PASS!
STILL, I WAS SWEPT UP IN THE GENERAL IDEALISM OF THE TIME. I BELIEVED THAT WE WERE CREATING A NEW WORLD. PEOPLE WOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER AND BE KIND AND WE'D ALL HAVE LOOSE SEX FOREVER..
HEY DON'T BOGART THE JOINT! PAL!
YEAH, I WUZ SELFISH, I WAS OUTA CONTROL. THERE WAS ALOT OF MALE SEXUAL AGGRESSION RUNNING RAMPANT. ALL "CHICKS" WERE UP FOR GRABS. WHO CAN BLAME THEM FOR TURNING TO "WOMEN'S LIB."?!
HI BOB, THIS IS MY FRIEND ELLIE! WE —
I-UH-
HI, GLAD YOU MET ME HEH HEH
MR. UNCOOL
I ADMIT IT, I TOO WAS OBNOXIOUS... I TOO "CAME ON" TO THE GIRLS...I TOO HAD CONTEMPT...I TOO WAS BROUGHT BACK TO REALITY BY THE NEW FEMINIST LINE
CHAUVINIST PIG
VERY ENLIGHTENED
WHITE MALE PRIVILEGES
REPARATIONS FOR ALL THE
DOUBLE STANDARD
SEXIST STATEMENTS
FEMALE OPPRESSION
I'LL BE GOOD, I PROMISE!
DAMN BITCHES
NOT TO BE TRUSTED
AND HOW 'BOUT THAT REVOLUTION WE WERE SO SURE WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!
HOPE I'M PART OF THE SOLUTION AN NOT PART OF THE PROBLEM!
MAYBE I SHOULD GET MORE INVOLVED — BOMB A BANK OR SOMETHING!
"ARM CHAIR RADICAL"
STONED
POPULAR SLOGANS OF THE PERIOD:
OFF THE PIG!
UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER
A SMALL GROUP OF RADICALS IN NEW YORK CALLED THEMSELVES THE "UP AGAINST-THE-WALL MOTHERFUCKERS."
BURN, BABY, BURN
IT'S COMING DOWN FAST
EXCESSIVE STATEMENT BY THE "WEATHERMEN"—"ALL WHITE BABIES ARE PIGS."


IT WAS HIP TO DESPISE ALL "PIGS" (COPS) AS A MATTER OF COURSE.
WISH I HAD A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL RIGHT NOW!
F'CK'N, PIGS!
HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED! NOW I'M RELIEVED TO SEE A COP CAR WHEN I'M WALKIN' DOWN CITY STREETS!
WHEW
SCARED OF NEGRO YOUTHS
BUT BACK THEN WE WANTED TO BREAK DOWN ALL "LAW'N'ORDER". WE HATED ALL SYMBOLS OF AUTHORITY. ANYTHING ASSOCIATED WITH OUR PARENTS AND THEIR VALUES WAS POISON TO US, AND WE EXPRESSED OURSELVES!
MOM! DAD! I WANT TO KILL YOU!!
SPUT SPIT
YEA RIGHT ON
RIGHT ON
YAAY
KICK OUT THE JAMS
THE REBELLION OF THE "YOUTH CULTURE" WAS VERY SELF CONSCIOUS AND STYLISTIC...
MOM AND DAD
PROUD WAR VETERAN
SHORT HAIRCUT
NECK TIE
GREY FLANNEL SUIT
BEAUTY PARLOR HAIR DO
GIRDLE
STRAIGHT JOB
NO BRA
SHAVED LEGS
SPIKED HEELS
HAIRY LEGS
POLISHED
"US"
CASUAL HAIR DO
LONG HAIR
BRIGHT COLORS
OPEN SHIRT
UN-CONCERN ABOUT MONEY
NO PANTIES
SANDALS OR BARE FEET
WORK SHOES OR BOOTS
A LOT OF THESE MIDDLE-CLASS "DROP OUTS" BEGAN LIVING IN THEIR OWN LSD INSPIRED FAIRY TALE LAND, LIKE THE GIRL ON HAIGHT STREET WHO WAS KNOWN ONLY AS "GINGERBREAD PRINCESS."
HI-I-I-I-I-I LA LA LA
HI GINGER-BREAD PRIN-CESS, WHA'S HAPP'NIN?
THE ONLY ARTICLE OF CLOTHING SHE OWNED WAS A T SHIRT
DIRTY FEET
BUT IT COULDN'T LAST.. THEY WERE LIKE HELPLESS LITTLE LAMBS AND THE HUNGRY WOLVES WERE MOVING IN.
WE'LL ALL BE ONE FOR EVER OR I'LL KILL YOUR ASS, BITCH!
HAVE ANOTHER TAB OF ACID-I DON'T THINK YOU'RE HIGH ENOUGH YET!
OKAY, UM
THE LIGHT HEARTED DAYS OF THE "FLOWER CHILDREN" BEGAN TO WAIN AFTER THE "SUMMER OF LOVE" THE LOW-LIFES AND THE GREEDY WERE SPREADING "BAD VIBES" THE SCENE WAS GETTING TOO "HEAVY" FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE.. GANGS OF OUTLAW BIKERS WERE TAKING OVER HAIGHT STREET...
GRROWR
WOOIE!! HAR HAR
EEEEK
A SCRUFFIER BREED OF HIPPIES BEGAN TO APPEAR. THEIR BRAND OF HIPNESS WAS OFFENSIVE TO THE REFINED SENSIBILITIES OF THOSE FROM MORE UPPER CLASS ORIGINS
LISTEN, MAN, LIKE I KIN TAKE MORE ACID N' YOU EVER SEEN, MAN SHIT! I DID SIX THOUS'N MIKES LAST WEEK END-UN-FUCKIN REAL-MAN-HEY Y'KNOW WHERE I KIN COP A HIT O'SPEED, MAN NEED A PLACE T' CRASH JUS' GOT OUTA JAIL, SHIT, MUVFUCKUR
OH REALLY? HM
OH, UH, NO, I UH..
WOW WHAT A BUM-MER!
BY 1969 A DEMON CALLED PARANOIA STALKED THE HAIGHT THE DRUGS GOT HARDER AND PEOPLE WERE CARRYING GUNS RIP-OFFS, MURDERS RAPE COMMERCIALIZATION AND OTHER PLAGUES DESCENDED ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD, IT WAS A GRIM FUCK'N SPECTACLE
EEEE..
BLAM BLAM
ARGH
AIIEYAA
IT WAS AROUND 1969 AND '70 THAT THE BIG WHEEL WAS SPINNING TOO FAST AND PEOPLE STARTED FLYING APART IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE "SCENE" WAS DISINTIGRATING RAPIDLY!


IT WASN'T SO OBVIOUS THEN THAT WE WERE RIDING ON THE CREST OF A WAVE.. WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER COME DOWN!!
WE'RE SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND
BUT THE WAVE FINALLY CRASHED ON THE BEACH..
PART ALL OVER, KIDS!
KA-BOOM!
LEAVING ALOT OF PEOPLE LAYING THERE ALL LIMP AND SOGGY WITH A MOUTHFUL OF SALT WATER.
ANYBODY GOT A SPARE JOINT?
GUESS I'LL GO BACK HOME
WHAT HAPPENED?
SHIT
HUH?
?
WHERE AM I?
CAN YA DIG THE POETIC METAPHOR?
FOR ABOUT A YEAR THERE I OFTEN EXPERIENCED A STRANGE DIZZY SENSATION AS IF THE VERY EARTH ITSELF WAS RAPIDLY FALLING THROUGH SPACE!! .. IT WAS A HIGH SPEED ELEVATOR GOING DOWN, DOWN, DOWN...
THE BOTTOM'S FALLING OUT OF EVERYTHING!
WHOA NELLIE!
WEIRD, HUH?? BUT TRUE!! HONEST TO GOD!
I WAS A "BURN-OUT" CASE FOR YEARS. ...ALL THE LSD ..ALL THE DOPE... THE CRAZINESS MY MIND WAS SHOT.
CAN'T HANDLE THE SEVENTIES
GUESS I BETTER "GET MY SHIT TOGETHER" AND "CLEAN UP MY ACT"
HEAVY KARMA
FLUB FLUB
I DON'T EVEN WANNA TALK ABOUT THE SEVENTIES!! FERGET IT!!
I'M NOT SO SURE I EVER TOTALLY RECOVERED, BUT HELL, I'M DOIN' BETTER THAN SOME OTHER 'SIXTIES CASUALTIES.. SOME OF 'EM ARE STILL OUT THERE ON HAIGHT STREET.. STILL DOING ALL THE DRUGS, STILL LIVING IN 'CRASH-PADS', ETC.
SPARE CHANGE
SPARE JOINT?
GET A JOB
SOME OF THEM BECAME HOPELESS RELIGIOUS FANATICS OF ONE "CULT" OR ANOTHER... EVERY ONE A "SPACE CASE".
JESUS FREAK
I'M SO HAPPY NOW
HARE KRISHNA
CAN'T HOLD STILL
JINGLE JANGLE
HIS OWN TRIP
IT'S A TRIP
OTHERS DECIDED TO CUT OUT ALL THIS CHILDISH NONSENSE, DROPPED BACK IN AND KNUCKLED DOWN YOU SEE THEM NOW, CLAWING THEIR WAY TO THE TOP, MAKING BUCKS HAND OVER FIST, BUYING HOT TUBS..
HAW! HEY, MEMBER TH TIME WE ALL TRIED TO GO OUT 'N LIVE IN THE WOODS OVA DEH? 'MEMBER, MAN, DO YUH? HUH? DO YUH?
MMYEAH HEH HEH BUT REALLY, I CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO GO WITH A MONEY MARKET FUND OR PUT MY EQUITY INTO MORE REAL ESTATE.. INTEREST RATES BEING SO DAMN HIGH ...WELL, I MUST BE OFF DARLING GOT TO SEE MY ACCOUNTANT AND..UH
GOOD NATURED SLOB
LET'S HAVE LUNCH SOME...
STILL OTHERS SCATTERED TO THE HILLS IN A "BACK-TO-THE-LAND" MOVEMENT, PRESERVING INTACT THE TRAPPINGS OF THE HIPPY SUBCULTURE THEY TOOK WITH THEM. IT'S NOT A BAD LIFE FOR A LOT OF THESE "HIPPY-BILLIES"
AW SHIT. BUMMER, MAN. F'CK'N THING WON'T START 'CAUSE TH BATTERY'S DEAD. WON'T BE MAKIN' ON DOWN T' TOWN T'DAY, DARLIN'.. SHOOT!!
LITTLE "TOFU" WILL HAVE TO MISS HIS BASKET WEAVING CLASS OH WELL
YEAH, BUT WHO CARES ABOUT THE SIXTIES ANYMORE, ANYWAY? IT'S ALL ANCIENT HISTORY BY NOW THIS IS 1982, AND IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME THE YOUTH TODAY IS COMING OUT OF A DIFFERENT BAG, DEFINITELY!
WHAT IS THEIR TRIP ANYWAY?!
IT'S NOT A VERY POSITIVE STANCE.. NOT LIKE OUR GENERATION- AT LEAST WE HAD SOME HOPEFUL IDEALS AN' STUFF!
I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL .. MAN, THEY ARE RILLY ON A DOWN TRIP!
MODIFIED 60s TYPES
I THINK THEY MUST BE ART STUDENTS
JUNEW NHAW
NYAW
ZIPPY
I GOT NEWS F'YA, THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT EITHER!
AH, BUT THOSE CRAZY, LAZY, HAZY DAYS OF 1965, '66, '67. THOSE UNFORGETTABLE LSD TRIPS.... (SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD FORGET THEM) .. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT SOME OF MY LSD TRIPS.
THE OLD MIND WAY
LIKE THE TIME I WAS CERTAIN THAT I WAS, IN FACT, JESUS CHRIST ON THE CROSS, SUFFERING FOR THE SINS OF ALL HUMANITY (CATHOLIC UPBRINGING) ...WOW, THAT WAS POWERFUL ACID!!
@☼#!!!! FUCKING BASTIDS
THINKS HE'S SWEATING BLOOD
TOTALLY CRAZY


YEAH, I HAD ALOT OF "RELIGIOUS" EXPERIENCES ON ACID... SEVERAL TIMES I SAW THE GREAT WHITE LIGHT AND HEARD CELESTIAL MUSIC.. IT WAS QUITE IMPRESSIVE...
OOH... PRETTY...
BUT A SECOND LATER I'D BE LAYING THERE WITH EGG ON MY FACE...
NOW WHAT??
I'M STILL MY OLD FOOLISH SELF...
BRARUUMMMMM
SOUND OF BUS ON IT'S WAY TO PELHAM BAY
TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD
MY WORST ABSOLUTE BUM TRIP WAS THE ONE WHERE I DIED AND WENT STRAIGHT TO HELL.. FOUND MYSELF SURROUNDED BY HUMANOID EMBODIMENTS OF TOTAL SATANIC EVIL!
HEY BOB WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK WORRIED!
CALM YOURSELF, BOB... RELAX... LET GO...
N-N-NOOO.
HACKLES UP
THAT WAS THE MOST PARANOID I EVER WAS IN MY LIFE... KEPT GETTING THIS FUNNY TINGLING SENSATION IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD AND KEPT WHIRLING AROUND TO LOOK BEHIND ME, CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO SNEAK UP AND CLOBBER ME FROM BEHIND!
WHAT!?
HEY!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
BAD TRIP
WHOA!
WHO TH'-
I GUESS MY BEST LSD TRIP WAS THE TIME I DIDN'T COME DOWN FOR THREE DAYS... I THOUGHT I WAS IN A STATE OF ECSTATIC GRACE... A GLOWING, BEAMING SAINT WHO COULD SEE ALL THE COSMIC TRUTHS...
EGOLESS PUPPET OF THE UNIVERSAL LIFE FORCE
WOW THIS'S FUN! NOW I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING!
NOW THERE'S A GUY WHO'S REALLY HIGH!
REALLY BEAUTIFUL MAN!
A HEAVY DUDE!
OH WOW
MAN, HE'S RILLY TURNED ON!
MY "THIRD EYE" WAS OPEN AND WHERE EVER I POINTED IT I HAD PERFECT, TOTAL PERCEPTION (SO I THOUGHT). FOR THREE DAYS I WENT AROUND TELLING PEOPLE ALL ABOUT THEIR GENETIC HISTORIES AND STUFF LIKE THAT... THEY ATE IT UP!
OH YEH? WOW! TELL ME MORE... I DUNNO WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE!
ME EITHER
NATURALLY, I WOKE UP ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THIS DRUG EXPERIENCE IN THE DEEPEST, BLACKEST PIT OF DESPAIR AND EMPTINESS... WISH I'D KNOWN THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW ABOUT VITAMINS!!
OH GOD...
...AH ME—THOSE WERE SOME CRAZY DAYS.. WELL, I COULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT THOSE ACID TRIPS, BUT, I—UH—
AW, TELL 'EM ABOUT THE DREAM WITH TH' CENTAURS!
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT I'LL TELL 'EM THE DREAM... BUT I DON'T SEE THE POINT..
I HAD THIS DREAM THAT I SOMEHOW FOUND MYSELF IN A PLACE OF INTENSE NATURAL BEAUTY... A REGULAR GARDEN OF EDEN... AND OFF IN THE DISTANCE I SAW A GROUP, A PACK, YOU MIGHT SAY, OF CENTAURS!
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL HERE I COULD CRY...
SHIT! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THEM THINGS!!
I APPROACHED THE CENTAURS... THEY ALL HAD PERFECT YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL FACES... SWEET AND INNOCENT... ..ETERNAL SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLDS...
HA HA HA.. WHERE ARE YOU FROM FUNNY OLD MAN??
HA HA HA.. WHY DO YOU LOOK SO BENT AND DROOPY AND COVER YOUR BODY LIKE THAT?
HA HA
YOU KIDS SHOULD ONLY KNOW FROM THE WORLD THAT I COME FROM!! I'M TELLIN' YOU, IT'S NO WONDER I'M SUCH A WRECK!
WOODY ALLEN SHTICK
HA HA YOU ARE A WRECK?? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?? CHUCKLE...
THE PLACE WHERE YOU LIVE MUST BE FUNNY... HEH HEH...
HA HI HA
HA HA
NO... IT'S HORRIBLE... WELL, NOT ENTIRELY, BUT— AH, FERGET IT!!
STOOPIT HORSE-ASSES!
HA HA HA HA
ABOUT TO WAKE UP
END

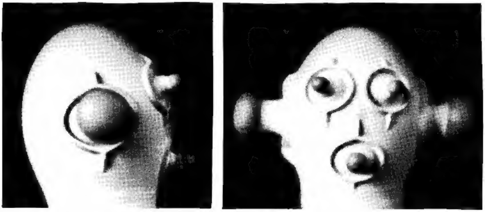
BERSERKELEY BLUES — ©1974 – B.N. DUNCAN


HI, JANET. HOW'S BUSINESS?
PRETTY FAIR. WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU?
OH, NOTHIN' MUCH. A HOLY MESSIAH TALKED TO ME. I SEE YOU'RE INTO SELLING ASHTRAYS NOW.
SMOKING CAN BE VERY MEANINGFUL. THE SMOKE IS LIKE A SORT OF SPIRIT. THESE ASHTRAYS SYMBOLIZE THE INNER NATURE OF SELF CONTACTING THE ENVIRONMENT.
FAR-OUT!
THIS FEELS KINDA SOFT. WHAT DO YOU MAKE THE ASHTRAYS OUT OF?
MOSTLY DRIED DOGSHIT. THE PAINT I USE COVERS UP ANY SMELL.
THE DOG REPRESENTS FRIENDSHIP AND LOYALTY. FRIENDS AND LOVERS CAN ENJOY SHARING THE SAME ASHTRAY. ALSO, THERE'S A DOG STAR SO USING ONE OF THESE ASHTRAYS REPRESENTS MAN'S ASPIRATIONS FOR THE HEAVENS.
YES?
I HAVE ASHTRAYS FROM OTHER ANIMALS TOO.
WHAT'S THIS BIG ONE?
OH, THAT'S MADE OF ELEPHANT DUNG I COLLECTED FROM THE ZOO.
THE ELEPHANT IS VERY SPECIAL. HE'S LONG-LIVED AND HE'S GOT AN ELONGATION AT EITHER END. THAT WAY SMOKERS NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT DYING TOO YOUNG AND CAN GET A FEELING OF LIFE'S DUALITY.
I SEE.
I WANT TO GET SOME MONKEY SHIT TO MAKE ASHTRAYS OUT OF.
WHY?
THE MONKEY IS SEXUALLY VERY ACTIVE AND HE'S VERY CLEVER. A MAN AND WOMAN CAN GET A FEELING OF BELONGING TOGETHER PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY WHEN THEY SMOKE TOGETHER.
ALSO, CHIMPANZEE DUNG WOULD BE GOOD MATERIAL. CHIMPS CAN LEARN SIGN LANGUAGE AND THAT MEANS THERE ARE WAYS OF COMMUNICATION OTHER THAN MERE VOCAL EXPRESSION.
YEH, SURE.

WANTED

42,227 RASBUKNIKS
REWARD

BE ON
THE ALERT



FOR BLOWING HIS MIND IN PUBLIC

I. I. I. NOMORE

I! I!! I!!! nomore!!!!

The culprit was seen engaged in wanton display of "freak-out." Warning to all citizens: we cannot allow the indecency of emotion to cast aspersions upon our social machinery. Forces must operate to apprehend offenders who commit the disgrace of public exposure of their nervous systems.

SIGNATURES AND STATEMENTS OF PAST **EXCITABLES:**

Aldous Huxley "THIS WORLD IS SURE DISQUIETING."

George Orwell "THERE'S SUCH A THING AS TRUTH FOR ALL."

Al Capp "THE INNOCENT SUFFER."

Martin Luther King, Jr. "LOVE DOESN'T KNOW CATEGORIES."

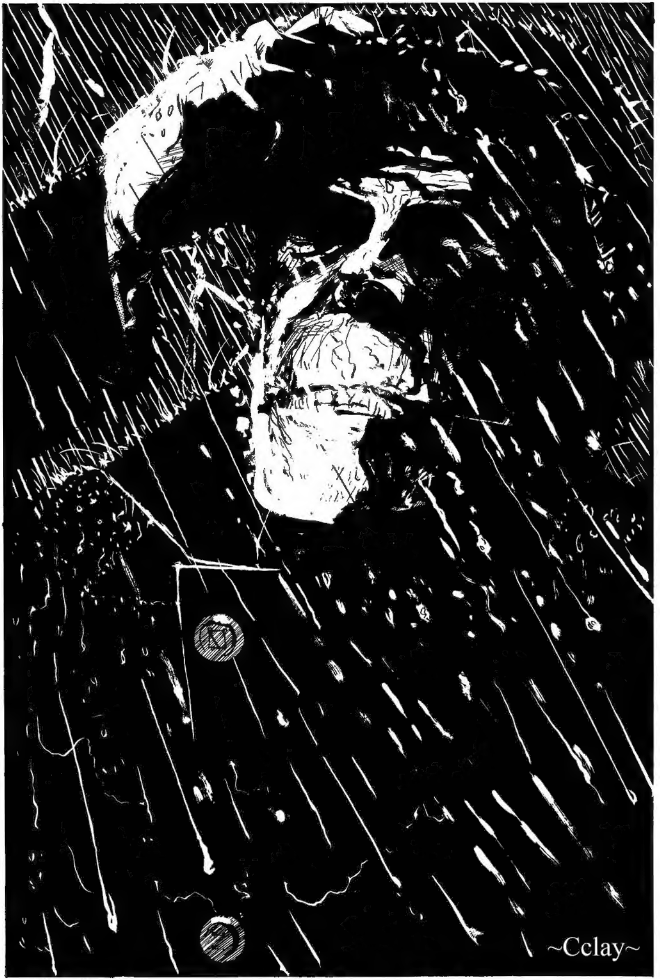
Bertrand Russell "HOLY WRIT IS FULL OF HOLES."

SECURITY MEASURES MUST PREVAIL.——
——WE MUST THINK AHEAD AND

APPROVED_ ---✩!!-✱- ?!!☀

B.N.D.

I.S.B.N 0-86719-135-X



Immortality Isn't Forever